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THE CZAREVITCH.

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THE

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE CZAREVITCH.

AMONG the most prominent of the distinguished Imperial and Royal guests who were present at the wedding of His Royal Highness the Duke of York and the Princess May of Teck was the Grand Duke Nicholas Czarevitch, son of the Emperor Alexander III. and heir apparent to the Russian throne. The Emperor, who succeeded to the throne in 1881, when he was thirty-six years old, had in 1866 married the Princess Dagmar Marie Feodorovna, daughter of His Majesty the King of Denmark, and sister of the Princess of Wales and George, King of the Hellenes, who married Her Imperial Highness the Princess Olga, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. The heir apparent to the throne of Greece is Constantinos, Duke of Sparta, who in 1889 married the Princess Sophia, sister of the German Emperor.

The Czarevitch was born on the 18th May, 1868, became the heir to the Russian throne by the accession of his father (as Alexander III.), who had been heir presumptive after the death of his brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, at Nice, in 1865, and ascended the throne after the assassination of his father, Alexander II., in 1881.

The great multitude of the English people who thronged the streets of the Metropolis on the recent occasion greeted the Czarevitch with considerable enthusiasm, but probably many of them were misled by his somewhat remarkable likeness to the Duke of York—they had heard little of the Czarevitch, though some may have remembered that in December, 1891, when famine was devastating a large part of the rural districts of Russia, and the peasantry were killing their horses for food, as they could obtain no fodder to keep them alive—the Czarevitch formed and presided

over a relief committee for collecting subscriptions and organising measures to alleviate the prevailing misery. It may also have been remembered that at this time of horrible distress a monstrous fraud was perpetrated by certain merchants of Libau, who sold for the relief of the sufferers a consignment of 800,000 lb. of barley flour, which was discovered to be so adulterated with dirt and dust as to be unfit for food, especially where the famishing population was dying of that typhoid fever which was named "hunger typhus," brought about by the foul conditions in which the starving peasantry lived, and filling the hospitals with patients, large numbers of whom succumbed to disease perpetuated by the overcrowding of the places whither they fled for aid.

During this dreadful time, the miseries of which were aggravated by persecution for religion and for political opinions, and by the severity manifested to the Jews—the Committee, represented by the honest Duke Nicholas, organised some plans of relief which in a country less extensive, and with a less destitute population than the poverty-stricken and oppressed inhabitants of the Russian provinces and their teeming towns, would have gone far to ameliorate the condition of the almost hopeless labourers. In provincial towns work for 800,000 peasants was provided, and the Russian Government added to a previous contribution of 24,000,000 roubles for the purpose of immediate relief—two successive sums of 65,000,000 and 60,000,000 roubles. At about the same time 400,000 Jews were endeavouring to escape from Russia, and the Crown legislature had to frame measures for preventing them from swarming across the frontier, to the danger of the inhabitants of the places where they would have to seek refuge without the means of support, or any effective sanitary arrangements for preventing the dissemination of the diseases which there was imminent danger of their carrying with them.

It is only in comparatively recent years that the succession to the throne of Russia has been fixed in regular order of inheritance. It was previously a part of the autocratic rule of the Czar that he was able to name one of the Imperial family as his successor—Peter the Great commanding that his wife Catharine should succeed him as Empress. Her reign and that of Peter II., grandson of the famous Czar who made Russia a leading power among nations, were brief and uneventful, and it was not till the accession of Catharine II., who may be said to have perpetuated the power and upheld the prestige of the Empire by means so unscrupulous

that the Government resembled that of an Oriental rather than a European state, that the present system of succession was adopted.

It may be said that the monstrous incongruities which perpetuate an almost barbaric policy in Russia are to be largely attributed to the vast extent of territory, and of those differences in the characteristics of the people which make the Empire an agglomeration of peoples and even of races, which not only do not assimilate but are actually antagonistic to each other. Such is an Empire which comprises one-sixth of the territorial surface of the globe. Russia proper, Poland, Finland, in Europe; and the Caucasus, Central Asia, and Siberia, in Asia, comprising eight and a half millions of square miles and a population of a hundred and nine millions.

During his sojourn at Marlborough House for a few days before the Royal Wedding, His Imperial Highness took the opportunity of visiting some of the attractive sights of London, and, as he speaks and understands English, he was probably able to appreciate remarks addressed to him in our language; but it was with some surprise that a good many amongst us read the account of his replying in good English and with a resonant voice to the toast of his health proposed by the Lord Mayor at the *déjeuner* at Guildhall, on the occasion of his attending with the royal party to witness the reception of the King of Denmark by the civic authorities.

On the arrival of the Czarevitch in London he was received at the railway station by the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family, and took up his abode at Marlborough House as an honoured guest. During his stay he visited the Houses of Parliament during some portion of the debates, and was seen at Westminster Abbey and other places, attended by noblemen and officers of distinction. What he said at the Guildhall reception was brief, but pungent and suggestive.

The situation could scarcely have been more briefly and simply, and, perhaps not more happily expressed, and the sincerity of the declamation was afterwards accentuated by the hearty appreciation which was pronounced when the Czarevitch left London on the following Monday by special train *en route* for Berlin. The King of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princesses Victoria and Maud accompanied him to the railway station, and there was an affectionate leave-taking, the Czarevitch expressing himself as greatly pleased with his visit to this country.

MLLES. GIULIA AND SOFIA RAVOGLI.

THERE are some operas—those of Mozart will most readily suggest themselves—that can be played, and are a delight almost wherever artists can be found to sing the notes; there are others that depend for their adequate interpretation upon great singers, and whose vogue must depend upon the wayward comings and goings of genius. Of this class is Glück's *Orfeo*—not because of any musical weakness, but because the whole effect of the piece stands or falls so absolutely with the presentation of the central figures. By consequence *Orfeo* has had a strange fate among masterpieces—now hardly remembered, now famous over all Europe. It has been more especially so since the happy extinction of the male sopranos, for whom the central part was written. From generation to generation *Orfeo* takes life again in some great singer. Its latest incarnation has come in our own times, and is altogether the achievement of the sisters Ravogli. To Europe at the present day *Orfeo* stands for the name of Ravogli.

But before they won this triumph—the greatest service to operatic art that singers could well render—they were already, if not old, at least old in experience and success. Both sisters are yet so young that we need not fear to say how young: Sofia, the eldest, was born at Rome in 1865, and Giulia in the following year. They were but just into their teens when they commenced their studies under Abbadia in their native city. Two years later they first appeared at the Theatre Royal, Malta, as Norma and Adalgisa in Bellini's opera, so that their earliest success, like so many of their latest and most brilliant, was achieved on British soil. From the first they began to rise steadily to the high dignity they have now attained. In the traditional operas that Italy loves with such devotion—*Norma*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia*, *Semiramide*, and the rest—they appeared in most of the important towns of the kingdom. They performed, too, in early youth as mandolinists, to the equal joy of their countrymen. At Seville and Barcelona they were as welcome, and later met with enthusiastic appreciation in a tour of Germany. Whether the Roman girls loved Germany as well as Germany loved them, we ought not, perhaps, to inquire too curiously. "In Germany," Signorina Giulia once told an Englishman, "I could neither eat nor drink; I sang."

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MLLES. GIULIA AND SOFIA RAVOGLI.

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The sisters first sang *Orfeo* at the metropolis of opera, La Scala, in Milan, in 1888, and Glück's work at once sprang into new life. A yet greater sensation was their appearance in the same parts in their native Rome, where they revived them the following year. The year after saw them in London, inseparable as ever. It is Signor Lago to whom we owe gratitude for the introduction. They hit the town, Sofia as Aïda and Leonora, Giulia as Amneris and Azucena, and the younger sister made a brilliant Urbano in *Les Huguenots* by her fine singing, the verve of her acting, and the perfect ease and dignity with which she wore the costume of the page. But nobody who had not seen her in *Orfeo* was quite prepared for the masterly quality of that impersonation, and London ran mad about her for weeks. And if madness can be justified, the madness of critics and audiences might plead in their defence with confidence. Her rendering of the part was best summed up in the words that Berlioz applied to Viardot Garcia, the great Orfeo of his generation: "She has all the special qualities the part demands, thorough mastery of the music, a simple and severe style, an organ puissant and noble, profound sensibility, expressive features, natural beauty of gesture." The very defects of her own qualities, and those of the music and staging, were here in her favour. If her gesture was somewhat conventional, as the gesture of Italian singers will be, was it not exactly appropriate to the classic chastity of the music and the whole piece? Bertoni's interpolated cadenza is a flashy piece of work, but at least it set off the marvellous richness and compass of her voice. Just in the same way the *mise-en-scène*, which, as she said herself, did not exist, only threw out more strongly the undying beauty of the music and of the acting. With all this, it must be remembered that she is too young to remember Viardot, so that although there is a tradition of the part, her conception must be credited her as entirely original.

Since then the sisters have made many attempts. Both tried Wagner—Giulia as Ortrud and Sofia as Venus in *Tannhäuser*. Both were successful, Giulia in particular. Sofia's gifts fit best the operas of her own people, although her Michaela in *Carmen* was a charming performance. Her sister gave a new reading of the great part in the same opera, but for some reason or other has seldom sung it in England since. But that matters little. There are many Carmens; there is only one Orfeo. This remains the great work of both sisters, and they could not wish a greater.

MR. ARTHUR W. PINERO.

NOT yet forty, and has written *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*—this is how a critic, fresh no doubt from the enthusiastic reception accorded to the play in question on its first performance at the St. James's Theatre, sums up Mr. Pinero's position in the world of dramatic Art. Suggestive though it is of the great things that Mr. Pinero may be expected to perform in the future, the phrase—quoted here not merely for its pithiness, but because it correctly indicates the general attitude of the critics—is hardly calculated to give unalloyed satisfaction to Mr. Pinero himself, for he has shown by his readiness to submit his previous efforts to the severe ordeal of print, that he does not share the implied opinion that they have failed to do justice to his powers, and have now been completely thrown into the shade.

Mr. Pinero was born in London in 1855, and was educated to be a solicitor, but he gave up the law before he was nineteen, and the year 1874 saw him acting at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. In 1875 he secured an engagement at the Lyceum, and he acted the part of Claudius throughout the tour in which Mr. Irving first played Hamlet in the provinces. Amongst other *rôles* in which he appeared with credit between this and 1877 may be mentioned that of the Marquis of Huntly in *Charles I.* In 1877 it was that he made his first attempt at dramatic writing, with *Two Hundred a Year.* Space would not allow of more than the bare enumeration of Mr. Pinero's earlier plays. Of *The Rector* (performed at the Court Theatre), and of *Low Water* (at the Globe), Mr. William Archer, writing some years later, declares that the first was a melancholy, and the second an unspeakably comic, fiasco; but that both were better worth seeing than half the successes of the day. *The Magistrate,* produced in 1885, was, perhaps, Mr. Pinero's first complete success, and it was followed up with two further successes in 1886, in *The Schoolmaster* and *The Hobby Horse.* In 1888 Mr. Pinero showed himself at his worst in a sentimental and somewhat feebly constructed

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MR. A. W. PINERO.

farcical comedy, *Sweet Lavender*, produced with great financial success by Mr. Edward Terry, and at his best in a powerful drama, *The Profligate*, produced by Mr. Hare. *The Profligate* dealt with the loves of a pure-minded girl of lofty character, and of a man who in meeting her has said farewell, as he fondly thinks, to the vices of his past. His retribution comes at length with startling effect through the agency of a girl whom he has ruined, and whom, ignorant of the identity of the betrayer, the girl he is to marry has befriended. The scene in which the profligate is confronted suddenly, by a mere chance, with his crime, was contrived with consummate art. In the printed edition of the play Mr. Pinero has adhered to his original version of the last scene, the profligate achieving the consummation of his own ruin by suicide : in the acted play (by Mr. Hare's advice) his hand is stayed by the now forgiving heroine ere it can effect its purpose. There are many who blame Mr. Pinero for acceding to the managerial suggestion. The objection raised to it by most is based on the ground that the Profligate is irredeemable and that the hope in which the audience is allowed to indulge that hero and heroine "will live happy ever afterwards" is, therefore, vain. Without admitting the truth of this contention, it may at least be allowed that there is a dramatic fitness in the more tragic ending. After the brilliant *succès d'estime* of *The Profligate* came the failure of *The Times*. It has been claimed for Mr. Pinero that he always writes like a gentleman, and with the possible exception of *The Times*, claimed with reason. Perhaps it is impossible to write like a gentleman when one deliberately chooses ignorance, vulgarity, vanity, and self-seeking, all of the grossest kind, for one's theme, as in this case Mr. Pinero himself professes to have done. However that may be, Mr. Pinero is less sympathetic, less well-bred, as well as less skilful, in his construction and writing of *The Times*, and one turns from it with a feeling of relief to the mention of a less ambitious but far more entertaining play, *The Amazons*, produced at the Court Theatre with great success in 1892.

The theme of Mr. Pinero's most recent and greatest work, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, is not wholly dissimilar to that of *The Profligate*, treating as it does of the attempted redemption of a woman of loose life, whose past rises up against her in her new state, and urges her in the end to suicide—not merely, as in the profligate's case, from despair, but to some extent as a sacrifice to her husband's future. The critics have saddled Mr. Pinero with the intention of settling in the play the problem as to whether such a woman *can*

be redeemed by marriage with a good man, and of proving that the answer is —No. How far this correctly represents the author's real position he alone can say, but certainly if this was his aim he has missed it. To answer this question —so far, that is to say, as it can be answered—both characters and circumstances must be typical. Here neither the characters nor the circumstances are typical. By reason of her own strong and exceptional individuality Paula in herself stood less chance of redemption by such means than many others of her class, but even Paula might well have been led into the paths of virtue under more favourable and at the same time more likely circumstances. Had Tanqueray's daughter remained in the convent, like ninety-five novices in a hundred; or, leaving the convent, had she never, by an extraordinary coincidence, met and won the affections of Paula's former lover; or, having done so, had her father had the common sense, not to say the common charity, to realise that this former lover of his wife might yet make a worthy husband:—as to his worthiness the spectator is left in no doubt; had Tanqueray, like most men, a few true friends, not a mere "decent sort" like Cayley Drummle, but really good men and women, to hold out a hand to his wife; even had he himself been a man of fervent religious temperament; had these been the conditions—and it would not be difficult to add others still more favourable and yet quite as likely—can it be seriously contended that Paula's redemption was a thing impossible, an insane hope? No; if Mr. Pinero did set out to settle the problem, he has failed. If, on the other hand, he aimed but at presenting a truthful and convincing picture of an heroic failure, if his object has been merely to tell a tragic story and not also to point a moral, he has succeeded brilliantly and completely. Looked at from this point of view, his play is well-nigh perfect; the characters are alive and real, the dialogue often brilliant and always convincing, the course of events as natural as it is intensely dramatic. Many and clever as are Mr. Pinero's previous efforts, he might well be content to base his reputation as a dramatist on this moving tragedy of modern life.

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THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS MAHA VAJIRUNHIS, or to give him his full title, Somditch Phra Oro Sad hiraj Chowfa Maha Vajirunhis, was born in 1877. His father, the present King of Siam, Chulalongkorn I., has taken very great pains with his education, in order that he may worthily fill the high position which he will probably in the future be called upon to occupy. He is specially studying the English language under an Oxford tutor, and although up to three or four years ago he was unable to write or speak a single word or letter of the language, he now shows considerable proficiency, and writes a very good letter in English. It may be interesting to note that a year or so ago he contributed a prize story to the pages of the well-known children's magazine, *Little Folks*.

A curious ancient Siamese custom, called the "Sokan," or hair-cutting ceremony, was duly celebrated on the person of the young prince at the Royal Palace, at Bangkok, in January, 1891, amidst a scene of great nationa rejoicing. This ceremony consists in cutting off the top-knot, or lock of hair which is allowed to grow long on the top of the head, and coiled up into a small knot. This knot is cut off in the male sex when they reach the age of twelve to fourteen years, and in the female sex at the age of about eleven. Afterwards the hair is worn closely cropped.

The present king is the descendant of a race of sovereigns who have, by their linguistic attainments and steady adoption of Western civilisation, and also by their wise and liberal government, done much to improve both the social and political welfare of their country. The succession in Siam is nominally hereditary, but this practice has not always been carried out, the sovereign having the power to nominate his successor. The father of King Chulalongkorn, however, set the precedent of nominating his eldest son, which has been duly followed by his son, the present king. The government of Siam was for generations a thorough despotism, subject to no restraint apart from the fear of a popular rising or foreign dictation. The sovereign by tradition is regarded almost in the light of a deity, and is designated as

"Sacred Lord of Lives," "Owner of All," &c. The present king has, however, voluntarily introduced a form of constitutional government, and some years ago issued a decree announcing his intention of making no new laws of importance without previously consulting his Council of Ministers. This is called the Senabodi, and is composed of the heads of the several departments of government. There is also a larger Council of State, which includes six princes.

The capital of Siam is the famous city of Bangkok, which is situated eighty miles up the winding Menam river, although it is only distant eighteen miles from the sea in a direct line. It has a population of nearly half a million.

The Royal Palace is a most remarkable building, and is surrounded by high walls, nearly a mile in circumference. The Siamese architecture differs from the Chinese and Japanese styles, though in some respects it is not dissimilar. One of the striking features is the curious triple roof, covered with coloured tiles, and ornamented with golden spurs at the roof points. The white elephant, which is the national emblem, is also largely introduced. The palace includes the public offices, temples, a theatre, large barrack accommodation, and rooms for some three thousand females, some six hundred of whom are the king's wives.

The famous white elephant is also housed within the walls. The king's private apartments are furnished throughout in European style, and are even lighted with gas. They are filled with the most costly articles of gold and precious stones.

The city itself is most beautiful, and has been justly called the Venice of the East, though, of course, it is on a much larger scale. The town occupies an island seven or eight miles in circuit, and is surrounded with walls. Pagodas and temples innumerable, pyramid-shaped, rise in all directions, and with the gardens and luxurious foliage, the broad waterways, which take the place of streets, and the floating houses, the city presents a most picturesque appearance. The chief temple is that of Wal Thra Keo, where is kept the famous emerald idol, which has before now been the object of much blood-shed. It is some nine or ten inches high, and is reputed to be carved out of a single stone. Its possession is regarded as the emblem of sovereignty.

With so many temples it is only natural that the number of priests should be very great, and it is supposed that there are from fifteen to twenty thousand in Bangkok alone. The religion is a form of Buddhism, and the moral code appears to be mainly of a negative kind.

The recent troubles with the French Government have naturally brought the country into very prominent notice. Matters appear now, however, to be on the high road to an honourable settlement. The protocol recently signed by Lord Dufferin for Great Britain, and M. Develle for France, provides for a neutral zone to be constituted, to serve as a buffer between British territory in Burmah and that of the French Republic in Tonquin.

MISS MILLWARD.

TO the lovers of melodrama Miss Jessie Millward has for a long time been especially dear. Her impersonations of the various heroines whose chequered fortunes and final conquests of evil are their distinguishing characteristics, have for several years past moved the audiences which fill the Adelphi and Drury Lane to nightly displays of enthusiasm. Indeed, if popularity were the test of dramatic ability, Miss Millward should be one of our greatest actresses. And, apart altogether from the applause which is readily gained by impersonating popular characters, the esteem in which Miss Millward is held by her admirers is well deserved.

She first discovered her talent for the stage at some amateur performances given by the Carlton Dramatic Club, of which she was a member. She was confident and ambitious from the very moment she made the discovery. Instead of entering the dramatic profession by the ordinary channels, and so working her way up, she made her *début* at a matinée at Toole's Theatre in July, 1881, in a leading part in *Love's Sacrifice*. She attracted the favourable notice of Mrs. Kendal, and two days afterwards she was engaged to play at the St. James's Theatre. While with Mrs. Kendal she played Mrs. Mildmay in *Still Waters Run Deep*, Mabel Maryon in *Coralie*, and Mary Preston in Mr. Clement Scott's touching little play, *The Cape Mail*. From the St. James's Theatre she went to Miss Geneviève Ward's Company, and played Alice Verney in *Forget-me-not* in such a manner as to immensely increase her reputation.

The story of the way her first real opportunity occurred is interesting. She was acting the part of Alice Verney one evening, and a letter was put [illegible] just as she was entering the stage door. The letter contained [illegible]n engagement, but she was unable to decipher the signature. With the assistance of a friend the letter was decided to be Mr. Irving's production, and the correspondence which ensued resulted in her being engaged to act the part of Hero in *Much Ado About Nothing*. All who remember the delightful revival of that play at the Lyceum will also remember the charming

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MISS MILLWARD.

and sympathetic manner in which Miss Millward played her part. To some playgoers the recollection of her Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice* is even more vivid. Her rendering of perhaps the prettiest love scene in all Shakespeare's plays was in itself "a thing of beauty."

Miss Millward accompanied Mr. Irving on his first American tour, and as a member of his company played many parts. She played Lady Touchwood in *The Belle's Stratagem*, Anette in *The Bells*, Anne in *Richard III.*, and Marie in *Louis XI.* With the Americans she became a great favourite, and after her return to London she recrossed the Atlantic to take up the position of leading lady at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. While there she played Pauline in *Called Back*, and created the part of Katherine Ray in *Sealed Instructions*. Returning again to London she was engaged by Messrs. Gatti for the Adelphi, where for several seasons she acted leading parts in conjunction with Mr. William Terriss. In *Arrah-na-Pogue*, *The Colleen Bawn*, *The Harbour Lights*, and other plays of a similar character, she speedily became a great favourite at that theatre. In 1888 she went to America with Mr. William Terriss's company, and on her return to London she and Mr. Terriss gave a series of costume recitals. In December, 1890, she commenced a four years' engagement with Mr. Augustus Harris, and appeared first in *A Million of Money*, and subsequently in *A Sailor's Knot*. Later, she took the part of leading lady in *The Prodigal Daughter* at Drury Lane theatre.

Some of those who have followed her career with interest may perhaps think that had Miss Millward been faithful to her Lyceum apprenticeship she would have occupied a higher position in the dramatic world than she does. On the other hand, the pleasure she has given to thousands of playgoers to whom even Shakespeare spells dulness and weariness to the flesh, is a sufficient compensation for the unrealised ideals she still cherishes.

MR. LE GALLIENNE.

INCE Chatterton was apprenticed to an attorney, Blake to an engraver, and Keats—of all men!—to an apothecary, while Lamb and Hood were tied to City desks, why should it seem strange that for seven years the delicate genius of Richard Le Gallienne should have to accommodate itself to the dismal ways of chartered accountantcy? These blunders sometimes end ill. Had Chatterton been born, say, into Bloomfield's cradle, how differently it might have gone with him! On the other hand, the East India Company, for whatever evil it may be responsible, served the world in giving "Saint Charles" food and raiment and many a fine text.

This has been Mr. Le Gallienne's happier fate. Born in Liverpool on January 20, 1866 (his father being of Guernsey extraction), educated at the Liverpool College, and articled at the age of sixteen, he bore the dreary bondage as loyally as was to be expected. That is to say, he made love, collected books, read much, and wrote somewhat for such magazines as *Book-lore* and *The Bookworm* in leisure time, and, as he plainly confesses, scribbled verse during office hours. Oh, that precious faculty of "detachment"! A trial volume of "My Ladies' Sonnets and other 'Vain Amatorious' Verses," privately printed in 1887, had the exceptional good fortune to sell out and bring its author something over twenty pounds in hard cash. When it turns up nowadays the little book is worth a couple of guineas, a very rapid appreciation. Better still, it was well reviewed and attracted the attention of one or two literary men of standing. Mr. Le Gallienne was with Mr. Wilson Barrett as private secretary for some months, but was obliged to resign the appointment by reason of ill-health. During this brief engagement he was able to publish another book of verse, "Volumes in Folio," which also is now marked in the traders' catalogues as "out of print and rare." Returning to Liverpool, he wrote "George Meredith: Some Characteristics," and "The Book-Bills of Narcissus," during the autumn of 1889 and the spring of 1890. In 1890 he also wrote, with Mr. R. K. Leather, "The Student and the Body-Snatcher, and Other Trifles." In

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MR. LE GALLIENNE.

the spring of 1891 was made the momentous journey—momentous in every young man's life—from the Nazareth of his youth up to the city of many temples, which so much oftener seems a Modern Babylon than a New Jerusalem. Mr. Chas. Booth has discussed the weakness of the native Londoner in competition with the fresh provincial immigrant; and this is a very evident feature of life in the world of journalism and petty literature. At any rate, Mr. Le Gallienne, without recommendation other than the slight show of work we have named and a sincere and charming personality, which gave quick earnest of liberal culture, natural distinction, and a grasp of the "eternal verities," was able at once to take a noticeable place in the crowd of book-tasters for the daily press. His work as literary critic of the *Star* has had a certain usefulness; and among other ephemeral writing, for the *Daily Chronicle*, *The Speaker*, etc., there is a substantial residuum worthy of preservation. In 1892 "English Poems" came, sealing his claim for a high place among living English poets. He has also contributed to "The Book of the Rhymers' Club," and in 1893 edited Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris" and Hallam's "Remains." "The Religion of a Literary Man," a profession of faith suggested, or at least hastened, by a recent controversy in which Mr. Robert Buchanan was his chief antagonist, is awaited with wide interest, and may or may not justify the confidence of a smaller circle of ardent friends.

To this uneventful record it may be allowed to one of these to add a brief, too brief, word of acknowledgment and tribute. There is no need to grow apologetic, for Mr. Le Gallienne does not suffer neglect. In the stress of dainty book-making, at a time when any specious youth may get himself presented in garb which the greatest might once have envied, the true son of Apollo is seldom so quickly discovered. But the scoffer has yet to come our way who would say that these admirable types, these broad expanses of soft rough paper, these ravishing title-pages, are any more than worthy and fitting of so gentle and loving a muse. There is here no simpering sonneteer, no oily rhetorician, no straining essayist; but one of Nature's bards, with an intuition of life and art which seems to pierce deep as keen experience, with a wonderful fecundity of imagination, with a "passionate generosity of soul" which allows no hard or evil speech, with a warm tenderness that takes even the strong man captive. Who has read untouched the story of his latter-day Narcissus, how he broke his looking-glass, and found at last his true love in the Thirteenth Maid? Standing

boldly, as our poet does, for purity of thought and deed, we like him but the better for a certain naïve boldness, such as is shown in the account of Hesper, or that of the night at "The Bull." A genuine native strength, a healthy English spirit, marks all Mr. Le Gallienne's work, and is hardly less characteristic of his love-songs, which make the bulk of his poems, than of his prose.

> 'Twas good to try and love the angels' way,
> With starry souls untainted of the clay;
> But best the love where earth and heaven meet,
> The God made flesh and dwelling in us, Sweet.

Against certain morbid tendencies of the time—

> Music of France that once was of the spheres,

as he puts it in a rare moment of injustice—there may be more violent but there can be no more honest protestant. "The Décadent to His Soul" is, perhaps, too strong a satire to safely carry a philosophic purpose. It is early—at twenty-eight—for this strenuous note; but then our poet knows dark places as well as light; well that he can tell reverently of the lanterns of fellow-pilgrims which have helped him at critical times as well as the will-o'-the-wisps which the puzzled soul must escape on its upward passage. Among other strong influences which link him to the train of great masters of English shall we hazard especially Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and Meredith?—an odd mixture only now becoming happily possible. We have no space to prove his clear sight of Nature and his equal power of expression. It is no kindness to cut gems of metaphor from their fit setting; but we could an we would.

Finally, Le Gallienne the critic has shown that he knows life is not all for art, even the poet's; and Le Gallienne the poet has shown that he knows the dangers of the literary life in a great city. For him at least there is a better way than to go down into the slums, which is to call London out into the leafy places, to "take poor foolish Cockneydom right away outside this poor vainglorious city, and show them how the stars are smiling to themselves above it, nudging each other, so to say, at the silly lights that ape their shining—for such a little while!"

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THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK, THE PRINCESS OF WALES, THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, AND THE LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF.

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THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK, THE PRINCESS OF WALES, THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, AND THE LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF.

THE group of portraits which accompanies these paragraphs shows the King and Queen of Denmark, and three generations of their descendants, namely, the Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness's daughter the Duchess of Fife, and the Duchess's daughter Lady Alexandra Duff. A notice of the Princess of Wales will be found in Vol. II., p. 1, of this work, of the Duchess of Fife in Vol. I., p. 1, and of her daughter in Vol. IV., p. 68; in this place we may confine ourselves to their illustrious progenitors.

His Majesty Christian IX.—whose official title, as given in the "Almanach de Gotha," is King of Denmark, of the Vandals and of the Goths; Duke of Schleswig, Holstein, Stormarn, of the Ditmarshes, of Lauenburg, and of Oldenburg—was born on the 8th of April, 1818, son of William, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksberg, and of Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel. He ascended the throne in 1863, in virtue of the Treaty of London of the 8th of May, 1852, and in pursuance of the Danish law of succession, his predecessor, Frederick VII., being the last of his line. Though endowed with more than average prudence and sagacity, he has, during his thirty years' reign, had more than the ordinary share of a ruler's troubles and anxieties; and not seldom must he have looked back regretfully to the days when, as Inspector-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Cavalry, he occupied a position of greater freedom and less responsibility. He had barely donned the crown when he found himself face to face with a national crisis of the greatest gravity. At the beginning of Frederick VII.'s reign, the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, fired by the news of the French Revolution, had risen in rebellion under the Duke of Augustenberg, and as they were supported by a Prussian army under Wrangel, Frederick was obliged to grant

an armistice for six months. But presently the Prussian force was withdrawn, and the Danish troops had little difficulty in reducing the recalcitrant Duchies to submission. The accession of his present Majesty was the signal for another revolt, led by the next Duke of Augustenberg, and supported not merely by Prussian but also by Austrian arms. Whether King Christian had it in his power to avert the conflict which ensued, it is not easy to determine; the probability is that, however strongly he might have counselled submission, his subjects would not have accepted the threatened dismemberment without a desperate struggle. Nor, unless blood and treasure are to be counted more sacred than honour, is it quite self-evident that even so hopeless a struggle as this is necessarily blameworthy. And, in the present instance, at all events, it would ill become an English pen to censure heroic resistance to overwhelming force, for it was partly in consequence of vague promises from Lord Palmerston and the French Government that the Danes decided to take up arms against their powerful assailants. How the conflict at last ended all the world knows. As soon as King Christian had renounced all rights to Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenberg, he set himself patiently to develop the internal resources of so much of his country as had been left to him; and the more effectually to consolidate it, he did not scruple to sell the islands of St. John, St. Thomas, and St. Cross, to the United States. When the victors quarrelled over the spoils, he must have been sorely tempted to take the side of Austria, in the hope of recovering the lost Duchies. But he held aloof, and the complete triumph of Prussia over her rival for German supremacy quickly demonstrated the wisdom of his neutrality. Instead of taking the field against Prussia, he granted a more liberal constitution to his subjects; and though the division between Court and aristocracy on the one hand, and the democracy on the other, has tended to become sharper of late years, the King has striven manfully under singularly depressing and difficult conditions for the well-being of his country.

It was on the 26th of May, 1842, that his Majesty espoused Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, who was born on the 17th of September, 1817, daughter of William, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. Of their six children, the second is our future Queen Alexandra; the fourth, Dagmar, shares with the Czar the throne of Russia; and the third has, since 1863, worn the crown of Greece. The eldest, the Crown Prince, is married to Louisa, daughter of the King of Sweden and Norway. There has been much, therefore, in the domestic history of their Majesties to compensate them for the national tribulations which it has been their unmerited lot to experience.

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SIR HENRY NORMAN.

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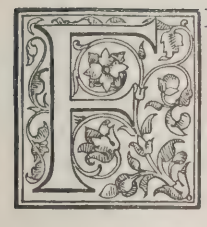
SIR HENRY NORMAN.



EW men can boast of a more active life in the service of their country, both on the battle-field and at the Council Board, than Sir Henry Norman. His recent acceptance of, and subsequent withdrawal from, the highest post it is in the power of the Crown to bestow, has naturally given occasion for much comment. Appointed Viceroy of India at the age of sixty-seven, it is perhaps only natural that he should feel "his strength and power of work unequal to so arduous a post."

General Sir Henry Wylie Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., was born in London on December 2nd, 1826, being the son of the late Mr. James Norman. When only eighteen years of age he joined the Bengal Army in 1844 as an ensign, and started a military career which was at the same time both eventful and brilliant. Four years later he served as Adjutant to the 31st Native Infantry throughout the Punjab campaign in 1848–9, taking a very active part in its ever memorable incidents. The actions in which he was engaged included the passage of the Chenab, the battles of Chilianwallah and Goojerat, and the subsequent pursuit of the Sikhs and Afghans.

As Brigade-Major or Assistant Adjutant-General he saw much and varied service on the Peshawur frontier in 1850–54, where there was much fighting and skirmishing of a peculiarly harassing character. In 1855 we find him still actively employed commanding a detachment in the Santhal campaign.

But his hardest and best work was still before him. When the terrible mutiny broke out in 1857, he was well to the fore as Assistant or Deputy Adjutant-General, and the greater part of the time as Adjutant-General in the field. He was a great favourite with Lord Clyde, then Sir Colin Campbell, under whose able leadership he for some time served.

In the terribly stirring times of the siege of Delhi, and the subsequent march of Greathed, his work as Adjutant was most highly spoken of, and he was frequently mentioned in dispatches. He was also present at the

relief, siege, and capture of Lucknow, at Cawnpore, at Khodagunge, and the re-occupation of Futtehghur. At the battle of Bareilly on May 5, 1858, he was wounded in a severe action against Khan Bahadoor Khan, who had a force of some forty or fifty thousand men and forty guns. During this action his leader, Sir Colin Campbell, had also a narrow escape at the hands of a treacherous Ghazee. Sir Henry finished up a military record of great brilliancy and effective work in the Oude campaign of 1858. For his services he has received three war medals and six clasps.

His administrative work began two years later, when he was appointed in 1860 Assistant Military Secretary at the Horse Guards. Two years later he accepted the post of Military Secretary to the Government of India. Sir Richard Temple, in "Men and Events of my Time in India," writes of him as follows:—

> "The Military Secretary to the Government was Colonel (now Sir Henry) Norman, a very able and distinguished officer, who had served as Adjutant-General during the siege of Delhi and the Oude campaign. He enjoyed the entire confidence of Colin Campbell, and now had great weight with John Lawrence in all military affairs. Indeed, there was none whose advice was more followed than his."

In 1870 he received the appointment of Military Member of the Viceroy's Council, which post he retained for seven years (being two years above the normal term). He twice acted for several weeks as President during the absence of the Viceroy. The sterling work he did there was most highly appreciated, and the minute technical knowledge which he displayed as an administrator and organiser is described as "little short of marvellous."

Returning home again in 1878, he served till 1883 at the India Office as Military Member in the Council of the Secretary of State. This was the last appointment of a military character which he held, as in 1883 he was sent by Lord Knutsford to undertake the not altogether enviable position of Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica. Here he had to deal with civil problems of considerable delicacy and difficulty, especially the racial question, which was then much to the fore. He, however, achieved considerable success, and managed by holding the balance fairly to win the confidence and respect of the entire population. Universal regret was expressed when he left the island to undertake the still more important duties of Governor of Queensland. To this post Sir Henry was appointed on the 31st of December, 1888, he took the oaths in Brisbane before the Honourable

Mr. Justice Harding, and assumed the office of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony on the 1st of May, 1889. He left the colony on the 15th of November, 1890, on a short visit to England, and resumed his administration again on May 6, 1891.

Higher honours still were, however, in store for Sir Henry, as on the 5th of September, 1893, he was gazetted as the future Viceroy of India in succession to Lord Lansdowne, whose term of office terminated at the close of the year. There had been some considerable delay by Mr. Gladstone's Government in making the new appointment. It was, however, pretty clear that their selection was considerably limited by the small choice they had of peers of high position who had adhered to their policy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the new appointment gave rise to much criticism.

The Indian press was very divided in their opinions, one paper affirming that it "altogether disapproves of the appointment, which it regards as a sudden and serious departure from the rule consecrated by experience, that in sending to India a Viceroy, England should give a man of the best birth, status, and capacity." Another well-known native paper, on the other hand, said: "Frankly, for our part we are disposed to regard Sir Henry Norman's appointment with no little satisfaction. The exploded superstition that the Viceroy of India must be a peer would, if it were not exploded, have a gravely prejudicial effect in limiting the field of choice."

A great surprise was, however, in store, as on September 21 it was officially announced that Sir Henry had withdrawn his acceptance of the Viceroyalty on the grounds stated above.

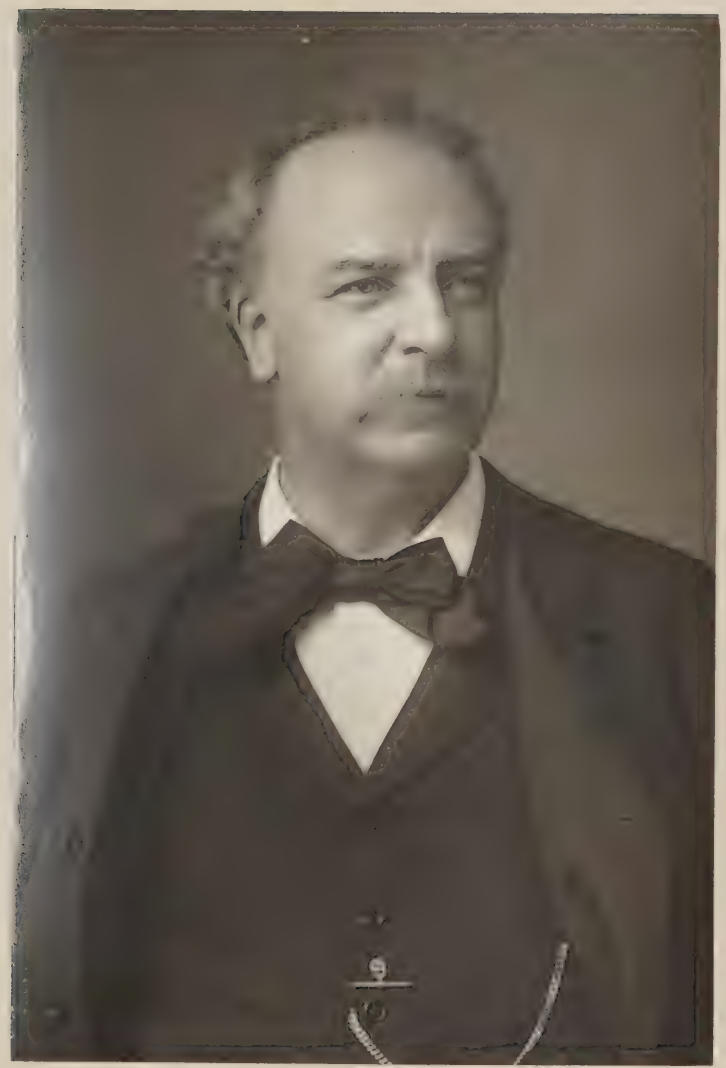
This decision was universally regretted, as it was felt that with his splendid record of services to the Crown, both in a military and civil capacity, Sir Henry Norman would only have added fresh lustre to a life of active and useful service on behalf of his country.

Sir Henry has been three times married: first, in 1853, to Selina Eliza, daughter of Dr. A. Davidson, Inspector-General of Hospitals; on the second occasion to Minnie, daughter of Mr. T. Knowles and widow of Capt. A. B. Temple; and lastly to Alice Claudine, daughter of Mr. Teignmouth Sandys.

MR. CHARLES SANTLEY.

"THE divine gift of song" is perhaps the gift of all others which most readily commands a wide and lasting popularity for its fortunate possessor. In this country so popular is the singer, that long after his voice has lost its old melody and power to charm, audiences will flock to listen to their old favourite, not for what he is, but almost solely on account of what he has been to them in the past. Mr. Santley has been so long a public favourite, that one is almost tempted to ask whether, in the nature of things, his present popularity may not be due to the same cause. But to be disabused of this idea completely, it is only necessary to hear Mr. Santley sing, and to realise that in spite of his years his natural force is still unabated.

He was born at Liverpool in 1834, and if heredity counts for anything, he could scarcely help becoming a musician. His father was an organist, and his mother possessed "a peculiarly sympathetic voice." It is said that clergymen's sons do not make such good men or such satisfactory citizens as the sons of other professional men, and we may not uncharitably assume the cause to be that they have "too much of a good thing" in their youth. However this may be, we have it on Mr. Santley's own admission that owing to the way music was forced upon him as a boy, he conceived an early aversion for it. He wanted to be everything except a singer. First it was the sea that won his heart, and he *would* be a sailor. Then the stage took possession of his fancy, and the influence of his second love remained with him all his life. But his third love when it came was strong enough to throw into the shade these early fancies. Like other men of genius, he can trace almost the very moment when the spirit of music which lay dormant in him was first awakened, and when it became not only a love but a passion. It was at a Catholic festival in a Liverpool church that he first heard Haydn's First Mass with full orchestral accompaniment, and it marked the turning point of his career. From that moment he lived for music, and gradually all other interests gave way before the overmastering passion. Though from his earliest infancy he could always sing, much of his early youth was given up to study of the violin, "not with any idea," as he modestly said,



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MR. SANTLEY.

"of becoming a soloist, but simply to enable me to play in an orchestra." At fifteen, however, a man's voice, if it is destined to be worth anything, begins to declare itself, and very shortly after attaining that age Mr. Santley was singing in the chorus in the performance of the *Creation*, conducted by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, of which body he was a member for several years. His first attempt as a soloist was at St. Anne's Catholic Church, Edgehill, where he sang the short solo, "Et incarnatus est," in Haydn's Second Mass.

In all these years from 1849 to 1855 he was diligently preparing himself for a commercial career, and "the monotonous routine of keeping a set of ledgers" made up a great portion of his daily life. In 1855 he finally resolved to abandon a career which had always been irksome to him, and to dedicate himself to music as a profession. He turned his back in October of that year on commercial life, and started for Italy, to place himself under the tuition of Gaetano Nava, the professor at the Conservatoire at Milan. At Milan he devoted himself assiduously to the study of music and to the Italian language, and before he returned to England he had served an apprenticeship as an operatic singer in an Italian company. His success in England dates from his introduction to Mr. Chorley, the musical critic, who was the means of bringing him under the notice of Mr. John Hullah. On the 18th of November, 1857, he sang the part of Adam in Haydn's *Creation*, and at once secured a favourable hearing. He soon received engagements from all quarters, and the story of his life from that date is simply an uninterrupted series of successful appearances. For years he has been a familiar and almost indispensable figure at all the great musical festivals held at Leeds, Worcester, Birmingham, the Crystal Palace, and other places. In English opera and in Italian opera he has constantly been before the public, and on these occasions he has abundantly manifested how true was the inspiration which at one time filled him with the ambition to be an actor. In Italian opera he has made for himself a European reputation, having appeared on the operatic stage in most of the great towns of the Continent.

His voice is a baritone, and it is as remarkable for its power as it is for its richness and sweetness. Added to his beautiful voice, his strong dramatic instinct enables him to render a song or to interpret a character in a manner which leaves with an audience the somewhat rare impression of exquisite finish. Nor is it derogatory to his genius as a singer to attribute some of his success with the public to his sense of humour. Not only does this gift stand him in good stead when he is singing an English ballad, but it enables him to

strike that note of true pathos which belongs to the work of all true humorists. The most refined and delicate humour is that which is always hesitating between a smile and a tear, and in this borderland, Santley, as a singer, reigns supreme. It is sufficient to instance his rendering of two such songs as "Father O'Flynn" and "Simon the Cellarer" in support of our statement. No one has ever sung these songs with Mr. Santley's finish or execution, and he who is constantly doomed to hear others than Santley sing them carries about with him

"The torment of the difference till he die."

Mr. Santley married in 1859 Miss Gertrude Kemble, the granddaughter of Charles Kemble, the celebrated actor. She had made some mark as a soprano singer, but she abandoned the profession on her marriage. One of Mr. Santley's daughters has, however, followed in her father's footsteps with considerable success.

Mr. Santley is known as well in the New World as he is in the Old World, having made professional tours in America and in the colonies. In these trips he satisfies in a small degree all that is left of his early love for the sea and a sailor's life. Indeed, in his "Reminiscences," published in 1892, there are still signs that in spite of the successful career he has enjoyed he rather fancies he has missed his vocation. For he quotes admiringly the criticism of an old salt who had been on several voyages with him, and who had also heard him sing in Her Majesty's Opera House. The old salt would always praise his singing, though he never failed to add :—

"But, Charlie, you're a good sailor spoiled! You ought to be ordering your men on board ship, instead of bawling and squalling your voice away in that stuffy theatre."

This is not, however, the verdict of the English people, who are quite satisfied with Mr. Santley as he is. They like him also for reasons quite apart from anything which concerns his gifts as a singer. Every concert-goer knows the difference between a man or a woman who has a faculty of pleasing an audience with little acts of graciousness and good taste, and one who disdains such behaviour. Of Mr. Santley it is enough to say that he always pleases, and English people perhaps like him all the better because even in his most successful days as an Italian opera singer he declined to Italianise his name, and preferred to appear on the bills as plain Mr. Santley.

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PROF. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

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PROFESSOR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.

IT is, perhaps, a little surprising that the name of Professor Charles Villiers Stanford should be so well known throughout England, while his music is, in comparison, known but slightly, outside of distinctly musical circles. The fact is not difficult to understand when we begin to study his biography. His activity in the cause of music in England, his interest in the musical education of his country, in the introduction of great works for the first time to the English public, the various important musical appointments he has held, sufficiently explain the familiarity of his name; while a study of his compositions, though it may lead one to the conclusion that they are not so popular as they deserve to be, will at least enable one to understand why he is pre-eminently a musician for musicians. His art and his learning are still caviare to the general; but the growth of public interest in his work is, no doubt, as is the case with all difficult music, merely a question of time. It is interesting to note in this connection, in further proof that Dr. Stanford's music has classic qualities, that he has already met with much appreciation in Germany, where some of his most important works were first produced.

In England he has earned gratitude on account of the stimulus he has given to the study and appreciation of music throughout the country. As conductor of the Cambridge University Musical Society, while still a young man, and later as Professor of Music at Cambridge, he has done much to make Cambridge an influence for good in the development of the art—in which respect she is still far in advance of her sister university. He has also a claim to honour on account of the patriotic interest he has shown in Irish music, and the trouble he has taken to render it in a form accessible to the world at large. He has set more than fifty favourite Irish melodies, and has handled them with admirable and sympathetic feeling. This collection of old Irish songs, published in 1882, has perhaps done more to make his reputation as composer in England than any of his more elaborate

compositions. The best known of them are probably the air, "My Love's an Arbutus," or the favourite "Father O'Flynn."

It is not, therefore, surprising to find that Charles Villiers Stanford is himself Irish. He was born at Dublin on September 30th, 1852. His father, an Examiner to the Irish Court of Chancery, was a great lover of music, and seems to have put no obstacles in the way of his boy's studies in that direction. After receiving his early musical education in Dublin, the young Stanford began his connection with Cambridge—which was to last so long and to prove of such service to the cause of music in that university—in 1870, when he matriculated at Queen's College. He soon afterwards changed to Trinity College, and has been organist of that college since 1873. In the same year he was appointed conductor of the University Musical Society. In 1874, Dr. Stanford graduated in classical honours, and in 1877 took the M.A. degree, in the intermediate time, however, finding opportunity to visit Germany and to study music at Leipzig and Berlin. The worth of the compositions which he had already by this time published was recognised by his appointment to the Professorship of Composition and Orchestral Playing at the Royal College of Music, on its opening. In 1883, the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of Mus. Doc.; in 1885 he was elected Conductor of the Bach Choir in London; and in 1887 became Professor of Music at Cambridge, in succession to Sir George Macfarren, an appointment which he still holds.

Before 1876, his chief compositions consisted of a setting of Klopstock's Easter hymn, "The Resurrection"; the incidental music to Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, composed at the poet's special request for the performance of that play at the Lyceum, April 18th, 1876; and a setting of the 46th Psalm.

In general, however, his earliest efforts at composition seem naturally to have taken the simple forms of song-writing and chamber-music. He has set to music eight songs from George Eliot's "Spanish Gipsy"; two sets of songs from Heine; and many poems by Keats, Byron, Matthew Arnold, Hogg, Andrew Lang, Browning, and other writers. In chamber-music, his chief achievements have been a suite and toccata for pianoforte solo, a sonata for pianoforte and violin, a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, three intermezzos for pianoforte and clarinet, and several string quartets. We have also to notice a pianoforte sonata, played at the Monday Popular Concerts in 1884; a pianoforte quintet, played at the same Concerts in 1886;

and a violin suite with orchestral accompaniment, which was played by Dr. Joachim at a concert at Berlin, in January, 1888.

The English Musical Festivals have at various times afforded him opportunity of making his work known to the public. An overture was performed at the Gloucester Festival in 1877, an Orchestral Serenade in five movements was brought out with great success at the Birmingham Festival in 1882, and was repeated at Bristol. In 1884, a setting of Walt Whitman's Elegiac Ode for Abraham Lincoln was produced at the Norwich Festival; his oratorio, *The Three Holy Children*, at the Birmingham Festival in 1885; his choral setting of Tennyson's ballad, "The Revenge," at the Leeds Festival of 1886; and his setting of the same poet's "Voyage of Maeldune," at the Leeds Festival of 1888. His oratorio, *Eden*, was produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1891.

His interest in sacred music has been manifested by the writing of two church services; a Choral Hymn to words by Klopstock, performed at St. Paul's Cathedral in 1882; the setting of the 150th Psalm, written expressly for the opening of the Manchester Exhibition in 1887; and a Mass in G major. He has also written many original compositions for the organ.

It was in Germany in 1881 that Dr. Stanford's first opera, entitled *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, was produced; but, although its merit would entitle it to rank high in a national school of opera, it was not performed in England until 1893; and only one air from it, "There's a bower of roses," has attained any degree of popularity. In Germany, too, *Savonarola* was produced in 1886; and in the same year *The Canterbury Pilgrims* was brought out at Drury Lane.

Dr. Stanford has composed four symphonies. The first, in B flat, was produced at the Crystal Palace in 1877, and his Elegiac Symphony, in D minor, at Cambridge, in 1882. His "Irish" Symphony, in F minor, was conducted by Dr. Hans Richter in 1887, and the composer himself conducted his fourth symphony, in F major, at Berlin, in 1888.

Further, Dr. Stanford has composed music for two of the Greek plays performed by the University of Cambridge; and for Tennyson's "Carmen Saeculare," the ode for Queen Victoria's Jubilee, which was performed at a State Concert in the Jubilee year.

Of his most recent productions we can but mention "The Battle of the Baltic" (brought out by Dr. Richter), the "Elizabethan Pastorals," and "From East to West," an ode.

MISS LILY HANBURY.

MR. W. S. GILBERT, that cynic turned enthusiast, has recently been singing the praises of "the bright and beautiful English girl." These words recur irresistibly to one's mind in writing of Miss Lily Hanbury, and having quoted them one is tempted to use them as a text for a dissertation upon the natural graces which, combined with qualities more essential to an actress, have secured her so speedily so large a share in the public favour. But, even as it is, the brief space at our disposal is but barely sufficient for our account of Miss Hanbury's stage career, and to this accordingly we shall at once proceed.

Miss Hanbury was born in London in 1873. It was as recently as 1888, at the age of fifteen, that, in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, she first faced the footlights of a theatre; and it was not until 1890 that she could be said to have actually joined the ranks of the theatrical profession. Her first engagement was in Mr. Thorne's company at the Vaudeville, where she played in a series of not very important parts. After this she acted with Mr. Wilson Barrett, as the Player Queen in *Hamlet*, and also in *The Lights o' London*, and as Nellie Denver in *The Silver King*. An engagement followed for the part of Mrs. Hemmersly in *A Commission* at Terry's; after which she went on tour with Mr. Alexander; and, on returning to London, was engaged by the latter for the part of Kate Merryweather in *The Idler*. Next came her performance as Lady Windermere in Mr. Wilde's play. One respect in which Miss Hanbury's impersonation was more convincing than that of Miss Emery, who later assumed the *rôle*, was in suggesting the unreality of the young wife's Puritanism. Miss Emery's Lady Windermere seemed a Puritan born as well as bred: that she should have been even tempted to avenge Windermere's supposed infidelity to her by being herself unfaithful to him (like that lady friend of Boswell's so forcibly condemned by Dr. Johnson) seemed unnatural; that she should yield, was almost beyond belief. Miss Hanbury's more impulsive, more emotional style seemed more in keeping with the character.

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MISS LILY HANBURY.

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When *Lady Windermere's Fan* was withdrawn (after a run of a hundred nights), Miss Hanbury went on tour with Mr. Beerbohm Tree, playing the leading *rôles* in such plays as *Peril* and *The Dancing Girl.* This last is her favourite part, and it may well be imagined—for we in London have had no chance of seeing it—her most successful; at least, she must look the part to perfection. It is her only grievance against Dublin theatre-goers, of whom in other respects she cherishes affectionate recollections, that they frowned upon Mr. Jones's play, which had in consequence to be withdrawn. On her return to London, she found herself provided with a *rôle* thoroughly to her liking in *The Amazons*, Mr. Pinero's lively play at the Court.

A brief interval of Ibsen followed, during which Miss Hanbury sustained the part of Petra in Mr. Tree's production of *An Enemy of Society.* In Mr. Tree's next production, that quaint pantomime-melodrama *The Tempter*, Miss Hanbury, on the occasions when she replaced Miss Julia Neilson, was seen to great advantage, her impersonation of the Lady Isobel being remarkable for its freedom and power.

Miss Hanbury's most recent appearance has been as Lady Mary Clifford in *A Life of Pleasure* at Drury Lane. There is little or no scope in the part for the display of her abilities as an actress, but to see her in it is to be again reminded of Mr. Gilbert's panegyric.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

F the many brilliant men of science whom the nineteenth century has produced, no one has exercised a greater influence on contemporary thought than Professor Tyndall. And for this reason, that, together with the trained habits of study and observation indispensable to the man of science, he also possessed something of the imaginative fervour of a great preacher, and not a little of the inspiration of a genuine poet. Faraday and Darwin doubtless achieved greater victories as discoverers, but neither of these two men was the equal of Tyndall in either eloquence or proselytising zeal. To listen to Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution was, not so very long ago, as great an intellectual treat as it was to listen to Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, submitting his financial proposals as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Professor Tyndall said on a memorable occasion that "the moral glow of Socrates which we all feel by ignition has in it nothing incompatible with the physics of Anaxagoras, which he so much scorned"; and throughout his career he has been illustrating in his own character the truth of this statement.

Professor Tyndall owed much to hereditary influences. He was born in 1820, in a small village in the county Carlow, Ireland. The Protestantism of Ireland has never been lacking in energy and in the qualities best described by the phrase "a Church militant." And John Tyndall drank deeply at the springs of Irish Protestantism in his youth. His father, though a small tradesman, was a man of great independence and force of character, and, in spite of his limited means, he kept his son at school until he had reached the age of nineteen. But Tyndall's impulse towards scientific research came almost wholly from a source outside family influences. When he left school, in 1839, he became a member of the Ordnance Survey, living on less than twenty shillings a week, and extracting much genuine happiness from this modest remuneration. He found time, however, to attend lectures on scientific subjects, and his natural enthusiasm soon determined for him the lines

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PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

on which his future career was to be planned. After the collapse of the railway mania of 1847, he accepted a post as master of Queenwood College, Hampshire, and there he began a friendship with Dr. Frankland, who had charge of the chemical laboratory. In 1848 they both went to Germany to develope their scientific education. Mr. Tyndall soon brought himself into notice by his devotion to his work, and by his success in research; so much so, that in 1853, on the proposal of Faraday, he was appointed Professor of Physics in the Royal Institution, a post which he held until 1887. As to the nature of the investigations which occupied his attention during these years, it is almost sufficient to mention the chief works which have been published under his name: "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion," "On Radiation," "On Sound," "Notes on Light," "Notes on Electricity," "Contributions to Molecular Physics," "The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers." Besides these, he has written "Faraday as a Discoverer," "The Glaciers of the Alps," "Mountaineering in 1862," "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," and "Later Fragments." "Mountaineering," "Hours of Exercise," and several papers in his last volume, revealed the Professor as one of the most intrepid and successful of Alpine climbers. Since 1849, he has been a constant visitor to Switzerland, and in 1876 he built himself a chalet on the Bel Alp, where he spent three months of every year. He loved the Alps as much as Wordsworth loved the hills of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The Weisshorn is, in his opinion, "the noblest of all the Alps," and he made this statement with the conscious pride of the man who was the first to conquer the redoubtable mountain. And his wiry frame and rare powers of endurance have been displayed in three ascents of what was once called "the impossible Matterhorn." But, much as Professor Tyndall loved the Alps for their own sakes, and for their life-giving properties, he loved them still more for the manner in which they ministered to his scientific curiosity. Many of his most valuable contributions to natural science were the results of observations made during his scrambles among the mountains. Many of his most brilliant lectures at the British Association have been composed among the mountain solitudes. "I carried with me to the Alps this year the burden of this evening's work," is the way in which he opened his 1870 lecture "On the Scientific Use of the Imagination."

As a lecturer, he occupied a position almost by himself. It is no exaggeration to say that his lectures were models of what such efforts should be. He led his hearers lightly and delicately through perplexing analyses

and passages of thought without wearying them, lighting up his address with little asides and local allusions. All through the delivery we were conscious that we were not listening simply to an investigator of Nature's secrets; like the prophets of old, the lecturer was always looking beyond the mere question of the moment; he saw visions of what the consequences of any new discoveries might be. Science cannot bridge the gulf which separates the known from the unknown, so, by insensible gradations, the restraints of the scientific investigator were laid aside, a rich vein of poetical fancy was brought into play, and generalisations were often made which were perhaps more startling than legitimate. Those who heard Professor Tyndall's celebrated address in 1874, at Belfast, as President of the British Association, will remember the storm of indignation which arose in the country as a result of one of these flights of the Professor's fancy. None the less, Professor Tyndall's taste for speculation of this kind was the secret of much of his charm. Like Thomas Carlyle, the friend whom he served so faithfully and well, his mind is steeped in a sense of the great mystery underlying all phenomena. Foolish men have called him a materialist in the opprobrious sense of the word. The truth is, that few of his contemporaries possessed so richly developed a spiritual nature.

Professor Tyndall married, in 1876, a daughter of Lord Claud Hamilton; and he resided for the greater portion of the year at Hindhead, Haslemere. Though for some time past his health had been in a failing condition, his death at Haslemere on the 4th December, 1893, came rather unexpectedly. He had been for his usual trip to Switzerland in the summer, but came back rather weaker than stronger for the change. His failing health probably explains the force and bitterness of his later public utterances on questions of the day. In reply to one of his sharpest letters on the Irish question a year or two ago, Mr. Gladstone playfully reminded him of the offer the Professor once made to take him up the Matterhorn. He said he preferred to remember the Professor Tyndall of that day, and not as the angry controversialist and reviler of himself. That is how we all wish to remember Tyndall, and we should be worse than ungrateful if we flung any stones at him because in his old age he sometimes looked at life in an old man's way.

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MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY.

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MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY.

IF a playwright's claim to greatness depended on the number of plays he had produced, Mr. Sydney Grundy's position among his brother authors, for this reason alone, would be a very high one indeed. Ever since 1872, the date of his first appearance as a dramatic author, a constant succession of plays and adaptations have come from his pen, and at the present day he frequently has two or three of his plays running at the same time in London. He is still, comparatively speaking, quite a young man, having been born in Manchester in 1848. He was called to the Bar in 1869, and for six years practised in his native city. During the same time he was trying his wings as a journalist on several local papers, both in the capacity of dramatic critic and as leader-writer.

His maiden effort in the profession he ultimately made his own was a comedietta entitled *A Little Change*. It was produced at the Haymarket, at Mr. Buckstone's benefit, on July 13th, 1872, and he was fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. E. Arnott, and Miss Caroline Hill, as interpreters. In 1876 he left Manchester and came to London for the purpose of devoting himself entirely to the profession of a dramatic author. His first successes were either adaptations from the French or plays suggested by French models. *Mammon* was produced at the Strand in 1877, and *The Snowball*, a farcical comedy, at the same theatre in 1879. *In Honour Bound*, suggested by Scribe's *La Chaine*, was produced at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in 1880. Then followed in succeeding years, among other plays, *The Glass of Fashion*, an entirely original play; two adaptations, *Rachel* and *The Queen's Favourite*, the latter taken from *Le Verre d'Eau*, produced at the Olympic.

In collaboration with Mr. Sutherland Edwards he produced *A Wife's Sacrifice*, taken from *Martyre;* with Mr. Henry Pettitt, *The Bells of Haslemere;* and an adaptation of his own from the German, entitled *The Arabian Nights*, the latter produced at the Globe in 1887. In 1888 he collaborated with Mr. Wills in the production of *The Pompadour*, and with Mr. Pettitt in

that of *The Union Jack*. It will be seen that most of his work up to that date consisted of adaptations, and in this particular direction there is no doubt Mr. Grundy has been singularly successful. Moreover, he has performed a great service to the English stage in accustoming it to the methods and points of view of the French dramatists, who in so many ways are distinctly in advance of our own modern writers. And though, for the honour of the English stage, playgoers may often have wished that his great powers as a writer of simple, strong, and epigrammatic dialogue were more often applied to plots and stories he could fairly call his own, they have felt he was doing a good work in a field which had long wanted a really skilled labourer. Of late years the most successful of his plays have been *Mama*, adapted from *Les Surprises du Divorce*, and produced at the Court in 1888; *A Fool's Paradise*, a comedy; *Esther Sandraz*, adapted from *La Femme de Glace; A White Lie; A Pair of Spectacles*, adapted from *Les Petits Oiseaux*, produced at the Garrick in 1890; *A Village Priest*, suggested by *Le Secret de la Terreuse;* and *Sowing the Wind*, produced at the Comedy in 1893.

Mr. Grundy's greatest power lies, not in the construction of a story or of a plot—for which he is almost always dependent upon others—but in the dramatising of incident he has all ready to hand, and in the careful and elaborate drawing-out and development of character. In many instances one has only to read the French play on which Mr. Grundy models his own to see how very frequently his peculiar talents enable him to supply those elements in which the French dramatist is nearly always deficient, and how the result is, more often than not, a distinct advance on the one he has adapted. The very best features in what has been perhaps Mr. Grundy's greatest work, *A Pair of Spectacles*, are all his own. The heightening of the contrast between the two brothers, the sparkling dialogue, and the refined comedy of the whole piece were Mr. Grundy's, just as the idea and the whimsical results which followed upon it were markedly and distinctively those of the author of *Les Petits Oiseaux*. An adapter is a great deal more than a mere translator. To adapt successfully, so as to produce good artistic work, means almost as much demand upon original power as work which is avowedly the complete creation of one's brain. No less an author than Shakespeare, more frequently than not, took his motives and plots ready-made—either from plays already existing, or from some history or legend. And in the transformation these stories underwent, owing to his treatment, they came out the most original and distinctive work the world has ever seen. It were folly, indeed, to talk of Mr. Grundy as if he

were in the same category with Shakespeare; but in his small way he has a similar faculty of dressing up, and of putting into fresh and beautiful form, stories he finds ready to his hand.

The dialogue of Mr. Grundy's plays is almost always at a high level. There is, perhaps, only one other living dramatist who can be compared with him in the simplicity and directness of his language, where every word tells, and where there is no redundancy or artificiality in expression. No one who has read Labiche's play, *Les Petits Oiseaux*, and has then turned to *A Pair of Spectacles*, can have failed to notice how Mr. Grundy has raised the play from being the mere laughter-provoking work it is in French, to a play in which there are notes of true pathos, of high seriousness, and of delicate comedy. It is just this element of seriousness which is the one thing wanting in so many attractive French plays, and Mr. Grundy supplies it in good measure. To *Sowing the Wind*, which is still running at the Comedy, the same remarks apply. The play is, in many respects, stronger diet than Mr. Grundy has yet supplied to his audiences. Traces of the influence of Ibsen are apparent right through the piece, and in the treatment of certain social problems the author has tackled them with a courage which has probably been sustained by the receptions given in London to *A Woman of No Importance* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. But, unlike his brother authors in these plays, Mr. Grundy still clings with evident affection to the old dramatic traditions, and he cannot bring himself to finish his play otherwise than happily. We do not leave the theatre after his play with a nasty taste in our mouth, or with a soul vexed with the problem as to what eventually will become of the men and women whom we have watched making such terrible havoc of their lives. Mr. Grundy partially lifts the veil for us, and tells us of the healing forces at work in our lives, which are stronger than the mere destructive forces; and the close of his play is like the close of a stormy day in a mild and beautiful sunset. He produced in January, 1894, at the Garrick, a new play entitled *An Old Jew*. Mr. Grundy has also made one or two appearances as a novelist, *Sowing the Wind* being suggested by one of his own stories. His last novel was published at the end of 1893, and is entitled, "In the Days of His Vanity, A Passage in the Life of a Young Man."

MRS. BRYANT.

IN her delightful book on Celtic Ireland, Mrs. Bryant shows a belief in the continuity of past and present, which she unconsciously illustrates in her own person. She tells of the ancient poets, who were required, in order to obtain their bardic degree, to know seven times fifty stories by heart. From the memory of these astonishing poets, her own wonderful memory must have been developed by the evolution of ages. A lady who is Mathematical Mistress at the North London Collegiate School; who, in 1884, became a Doctor of Science at the London University; and who has written an abstruse though entertaining historical inquiry into the antiquities of her native land, as well as a profound psychological essay on the aims of education, must know by heart considerably more than seven times fifty stories. She is, however, unlike her bardic ancestors in one respect, "for the poets," she observes, "wandered a good deal"—in a physical sense, she means, as she, of course, would not admit that they were at all mentally errant. Mrs. Bryant never wanders in any sense of the term, unless it may be to give an educational or political address in a provincial town. For many years she has been the right hand of Miss Buss in her well-known school for girls at Camden Town, and in her literary work she never strays from her point. Earnestness of purpose and grip of her subject are the marks of all her work.

This earnestness is visible in the picture she gives of Ireland before the Norman Conquest. In writing of the Picts and Scots, of the Firbolgs, the Tuatha Dé Danann, and the Milesians, of the poets, of the parliaments at Tara and elsewhere, of Finn, the son of Cumhal, ancestor both of the third century militia Feni and of the modern Fenians, of the barristers, called "burnishers," because they polished their clients' cases, and of all the other members and institutions of a long-vanished society, her thoughts are fixed on "the aspiration after knowledge and intellectual activity which is of the very essence of the Irish character," and on the circumstances necessary that the Irish people "should accomplish its destiny, and should fulfil that mission among the nations which is laid upon it by its gifts." Among the circumstances not mentioned, but never absent from

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MRS. BRYANT.

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the writer's mind, must be included a scheme of Home Rule, for her sympathy with the National demand is known to be keen.

But interested as Mrs. Bryant is about Ireland, the main interest of her life is in education, to the service of which she ungrudgingly devotes her time and powers. She is a member of the Council of the College of Preceptors, a position for which not only her practical experience as a teacher, but also her study of the theory of teaching, has fitted her. Educational problems are approached by her in a scientific spirit, for she brings her knowledge of the sciences, and particularly of psychology, constantly to bear upon them. In her opinion, education is not mere instruction, but the intelligent assistance of the growth of the mind in accordance with the laws of healthy development. The good teacher is devoted to a high ideal, which has assumed a definite character in his meditations, and which he strives to render intelligible and winning to his pupils. The work they have to do is to be as hard as their constitutions permit, for nature gives abundant hints when the mental strain needs to be relaxed; and the evils attributed to overwork, at least in the case of girls, are most often due to excessive indulgence in emotion. Moral ailments, such as bad temper, obstinacy, and indolence, are best cured by the discipline of continuous study, which forms habits of self-control. Intellect and feeling, in fact, are inseparable, and are treated together in Mrs. Bryant's book, "Educational Ends, or the Ideal of Personal Development." She takes for its motto, "Ye shall know the Truth. And the Truth shall make you free," and, step by step, she shows that the educator must aim at the improvement of his pupils both in conduct and knowledge, setting before them the questions, "How should I do what there is for me to do?" and "How should I know what there is for me to know?" which are seen in unity, at last, in the final end of education—love of the highest attainable truth. To Mrs. Bryant's success in carrying her ideal into practical effect those who have been her pupils can best testify; but she addresses a wider audience than the successive generations of school-girls who pass through her class-rooms, and many who, as parents or teachers, are striving to carry on the work of education, will confess a debt to her, alike of stimulus and of suggestion.

SIR WILLIAM MAC CORMAC.

IR WILLIAM MAC CORMAC, who occupies a place in the first rank of modern surgeons, was born at Belfast on the 17th of January, 1836. He was the eldest son of Henry Mac Cormac, M.D., and Mary Newsam. His father was a well-known physician in Belfast, and noted for his writings on consumption and medicine generally. Sir William was educated at the Belfast Institution, in Dublin and Paris. He took his M.A. at the Queen's University, Ireland, in 1858, and the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland in 1864. He obtained the M.Ch. (*honoris causâ*) in 1879, and the D.Sc. in 1882, at the Queen's University, Ireland, and received its gold medal. At Belfast he was surgeon and lecturer on clinical surgery at the Belfast Royal Hospital, of which he was later appointed consulting surgeon. He was afterwards a Member of the Senate and Examiner in Surgery at the University.

It is after this, however, that the most eventful and important period of his career as a surgeon began. At the outbreak of the Franco-German war in 1870 he went to Paris. There, in conjunction with Dr. Marion Simms and Dr. Frank, of Cannes, he inaugurated the Anglo-American Ambulance, under orders of the French War Minister. Sir William was appointed surgeon-in-chief of the ambulance, and was sent to join MacMahon's army. He was for a short time at Metz, and then went on to Sedan, which was reached on August 30th, two days before the battle, which commenced at four a.m. on September 1st. An empty barrack was given to be fitted up as a hospital, in which they managed to put up 600 beds. All these beds, however, were filled up a quarter of an hour after the battle began, and their resources were taxed to the utmost to attend to the wounded. During the day over 1,000 soldiers were brought in, the corridors, wards, and every available space being crowded with patients. The supplies and appliances for the ambulance were supplied by the Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in time of War, which was founded at that time, and of which Her Majesty the Queen was president. For his services during this war, which

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SIR W. MAC CORMAC.

were duly appreciated both by the French and the Germans, he was appointed a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour (last year he was promoted to the rank of Officier) by the French; from the Germans he received the Order of the Ritter Kreuz of Bavaria and the Kronen Orden of Germany.

At the conclusion of the war he came to London. He then took the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, of which he had been a member since 1851. He was appointed assistant-surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, with which he has ever since been connected, in 1871. He was made a full surgeon in 1873, and appointed lecturer on surgery at the same time. In his hospital work Sir William has shown the same energy and vigour which had already won him fame abroad. He soon took his place in the foremost rank of London surgeons, and has occupied that position ever since by his indefatigable work and industry. In spite of the great advances which the science and art of surgery have made since his student days, Sir William has kept pace with them, and is now, as he has always been, one of its most ardent students. At the hospital he is one of the most popular members of the staff, and he is largely responsible for bringing the hospital to that pitch of excellence, both as a teaching school and as a place for the treatment of the sick, which it has now reached.

In his visits he is always followed by a large class of students. By his example he has impressed the students that the success of a surgeon depends on the attention to the smallest details. At the same time that he does his utmost to teach his students all that is possible from each individual case, he never for a moment forgets to consider the comfort and welfare of his patients, among whom he is as popular as with the students. He is always ready to listen to and discuss the suggestions of his juniors, and makes everyone working with him feel that they are important factors in his work.

In 1876 he went to Turkey during the Turco-Russian war. In conjunction with Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B., he equipped hospitals on both sides for the help of the wounded. He was during this war present at the battle of Alexinatz. For his services during the war he was appointed a Knight Commander of the Medjidieh, of the Order of Takovo, and of the Dannebrog. He was also a member of the Stafford House Committee for sending help during the Egyptian war.

Next, Sir William undertook what was, perhaps, the most trying work of any that he ever did. He was appointed the Honorary Secretary

General of the International Medical Congress, which was held in London in 1881. For two years he worked steadily and continuously at the organisation of this congress. For this he had to give up a considerable amount of his professional time, and the great success of the congress is the best testimony to the energy and hard work which he expended on it. The Queen and the Prince of Wales were patrons of the congress, which opened at St. James's Hall on August 3rd. The opening meeting was honoured by the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Germany. As the president, in his inaugural address, said: "the profession owed Mr. Mac Cormac (as he then was) a deep debt of gratitude, and it is only just and right that it should be acknowledged and fully stated that the unceasing and self-sacrificing labours of William Mac Cormac have only been equalled by his judgment, his tact, and his good nature." At the conclusion of the congress the Queen conferred on him the honour of knighthood in recognition of his great services. He also received from abroad the following Orders:—The North Star of Sweden, Sao Thiago of Portugal, and the Merit of Spain, and was appointed Commander of the Crown of Italy.

In 1882 he was Examiner in Surgery at the London University, and is now Vice-President of the Examining Board of the College of Surgeons of England and a Member of the Council. In 1893 Sir William was appointed a Member of the French Academy of Medicine.

He is also consulting surgeon of the French Hospital, the Italian Hospital, and Queen Charlotte's Hospital.

In addition to his numerous contributions to current surgical literature, he is the author of "Unity of Science," "Notes and Recollections of an Ambulance Surgeon," "Antiseptic Surgery" (the usefulness and popularity of the two last-named can be gauged from the fact that the former has been translated into German, French, Dutch, Italian, and Japanese, and the latter into French and Russian), and "Surgical Operations."

Sir William Mac Cormac is not only renowned in his own country, but, from his connection with the Franco-German and Turco-Russian wars, as well as from his work as secretary of the Medical Congress, he is well known personally to all the leading medical men of Europe.

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PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

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H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE HENRY MAURICE OF BATTENBERG is the third and youngest son of His Grand Ducal Highness the Prince Alexander of Hesse and of the Countess von Lauk, who was the daughter of a Polish Minister and was raised to the rank of princess on her morganatic marriage with the Prince of Hesse. Prince Henry was born on October 5th, 1858. His eldest brother, Prince Louis of Battenberg, is a naturalised Englishman, holding an appointment in the Royal Navy, and is married to a daughter of the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse and of the late Princess Alice. The late Prince Alexander, formerly Prince of Bulgaria, the strange vicissitudes of whose life and whose premature death have been of late much before the public, was also Prince Henry's elder brother.

It was on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Louis to the Princess Victoria of Hesse that Prince Henry made the acquaintance of the Princess Beatrice. The announcement of the betrothal was first made public on December 31st, 1884, and ran as follows :—

"The Queen has given a conditional sanction to the betrothal of Princess Beatrice to Prince Henry of Battenberg, the condition being that the Prince and Princess reside in England after their marriage, and in close proximity to Her Majesty."

This condition was certainly not to be wondered at, as the Princess Beatrice had been for many years not only the constant companion of the Queen, but her sole remaining unmarried daughter.

The announcement came as a surprise to the rest of the Royal Family, and also to the public at large. There has always been a somewhat unreasonable prejudice against the marriage of a Princess who claimed a dowry from the State with any person outside the royal caste, and it is well known that the marriage was by no means looked upon with favour in several high quarters, but by the nation the liveliest interest was taken in the engagement, as it was

quite clear that it was essentially a "love match," and time has proved the union to have been a most happy one.

Her Majesty's formal consent to her daughter's marriage was given at a Privy Council held at Osborne on the 26th of January, 1885, and on May 15th Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, moved that the sum of £6,000 per annum be settled upon the Princess on the occasion of her marriage. In the course of his speech he stated that "the marriage was one dictated in the first instance and before all things by genuine attachment—by that genuine attachment which forms the only solid foundation of future happiness in married life." Speaking of Prince Henry, he added—"I am not here to give a highly-coloured statement, but I believe that everything connected with this youthful prince and the promise of his future life is what the country could wish; and though not, like his brother, an officer of great promise in Her Majesty's Navy, he is already one of whom the most favourable anticipations are formed in regard to his future career and his qualities of mind." The resolution was seconded by Sir Stafford Northcote, and carried by a large majority.

The wedding was duly celebrated at Whippingham Church, in the Isle of Wight, on Thursday, the 23rd of July, 1885. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Windsor, and the Rev. Canon Prothero, rector of Whippingham. The bridegroom was supported by His Highness the Prince of Bulgaria and His Serene Highness Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg.

Prince Henry wore the white uniform of a captain of Cuirassiers of the Prussian Guard.

In the Court Circular of this date it was announced that Her Majesty had been pleased to confer the dignity of Royal Highness on Prince Henry. On the Continent, however, this dignity is not conceded to him, as the legality of the notice in the *Gazette* was questioned, for by an agreement between the five Great Powers in October, 1818, it was declared that the title of Royal Highness, used by the sons of reigning monarchs, might be also used by Grand Dukes and their heirs-presumptive, but by no one of lower rank in sovereign circles.

Her Majesty has conferred the dignity of the Order of the Garter upon Prince Henry. He is also a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, Captain-General and Governor of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle.

Since the time of the marriage the royal couple have been in constant attendance upon Her Majesty, and their affectionate companionship has done

much to sustain and comfort the Queen in the many trials and losses which have but too freely fallen upon her.

We may be excused for quoting a portion of the late Poet Laureate's beautiful lines on the occasion of the marriage:—

"The child
Is happy—even in leaving her; but thou,
True daughter, whose all-faithful filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
Wilt never quit the widow'd Crown, nor let
This later light of love have risen in vain;
But moving through the Mother's house, between
The two that love thee, lead a summer life,
Sway'd by each love and swaying to each love,
Like some conjectured planet in mid-heaven
Between two Suns, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double day."

Four children have been the issue of the royal pair—viz., Prince Alexander Albert, born November 23rd, 1886; Princess Victoria Eugenie Julia Eva, born October 24th, 1887; Prince Leopold Arthur Louis, born May 21st, 1889; and Prince Maurice Victor Donald, born October 3rd, 1891.

MRS. BANCROFT.

NO one who has read the pleasant volumes in which Mrs. Bancroft, together with her husband, has told the story of her life, can have felt much surprise that, in spite of her formal abandonment of her stage career in 1885, she should have been tempted back once more "behind the scenes." From the time when, at the age of five, "attired in a white lace frock and a lovely blue sash," she recited Collins's "Ode to the Passions," at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, down to the time of the farewell performance at the Haymarket, she met with little but encouragement, admiration, and love. What more natural than that she should tire of the comparative dulness and seclusion of private life, and begin to crave for a renewal of the affectionate greetings and enthusiastic applause which had been hers, night after night, for so many years? The wonder is rather that she should have been content to rest on her laurels for so long.

Mrs. Bancroft—or, rather, Marie Wilton—was born at Doncaster. Her father, "a handsome, thoughtless, kind-hearted Bohemian," according to her own account of him, had drifted on to the stage after making a trial of several other professions. It was from him and from her mother that little Marie learned her first notions of acting and elocution. She was still a mere baby when she began her stage career, reciting Shakespeare and Milton before she had learnt to spell. The sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*, the trial scene in the *Merchant of Venice*, the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, Satan's Address to the Sun—these were some of the incongruous pieces which she lisped before provincial audiences throughout the country. Her first serious performance was in *Belphegor*, produced by Charles Dillon, originally at Bristol and afterwards in London at the Lyceum, and her talents met with almost immediate recognition from the most eminent actors and critics, Dillon himself being as kind to her as he was appreciative. Acting once, when about eleven, as the boy Fleance, in *Macbeth*, with Macready, she was sent for at the close of the performance by the great tragedian, who kissed her, made her drink a glass of wine, gave her a sovereign, remarked, pointing

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to her eyes, that he could see genius through those little windows, and sent her on her way, as may be imagined, the happiest and proudest person in existence. Shortly after this, as Prince Arthur in *King John*, she won the admiration of Charles Kemble, expressed in the words "That girl will be a great actress"; and Dickens, seeing her in the boy's part of Peppo, in *The Maid and the Magpie*, declared (in a letter to Forster) that she was the cleverest girl he had ever seen on the stage. It was at the Strand Theatre as Peppo, and in numerous other "principal boy's" parts in burlesques—H. J. Byron's, amongst others—that the name of Marie Wilton first became famous. She was still very young—hardly of age, indeed—when she made up her mind to have a theatre of her own. Having secured Byron's co-operation, she became lessee and manager of the old Queen's Theatre in 1865, rechristening it the Prince of Wales's. Now came her marriage with Mr. Bancroft, her meeting with T. W. Robertson, and her abandonment of burlesque for comedy—chiefly "Robertson comedy," three thousand nights in all being given up to his six plays—*Society*, *Caste*, *School*, *Play*, *M.P.*, and *Ours*—from first to last. *Sweethearts*, *Diplomacy*, *The Vicarage*, *London Assurance*, *Money*, *Good for Nothing*, and *Masks and Faces* were amongst the other successful plays which she produced, in conjunction with Mr. Bancroft, first at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and then, from 1880 to 1885, at the Haymarket: an excellent revival of the *School for Scandal* should also be mentioned. At the farewell performance at the Haymarket Mrs. Bancroft made her final appearance as Peg Woffington in *Masks and Faces*. She could not have made a better choice. Of all her performances, this was the most admirable. She had thought out the part carefully and well, and introduced at least one important change, the necessity for which Charles Reade, when he saw it rehearsed, at once acknowledged. She was in complete sympathy with the character as she conceived it, and it called forth all her gifts—her charm, her gaiety, her humour, her tenderness, her pathos. From first to last her performance was well-nigh perfect.

In the Reminiscences already referred to, Mrs. Bancroft tells us that of all the parts written for her by Robertson, Naomi Tighe, in *School*, is her favourite; and then Polly Eccles, in *Caste*. After her Peg Woffington, her Polly Eccles is probably to most people the most delightful of her performances. Mrs. Bancroft would be wise not to challenge comparison in these *rôles* with her former self,—content to let those who have never seen her in them continue to hear from us who have, that their memory is a delight.

THE RIGHT HON. H. CHAPLIN, M.P.

SINCE the day when Lord Beaconsfield playfully said that he had "educated his party," the ideals of the Tory politicians of the past have been gradually abandoned, and Conservative statesmen now vie with their Liberal opponents in promoting measures and schemes of reform which were formerly the monopoly of one party in the State. But now and then, especially when the Conservatives are in opposition, the old spirit breaks forth; the Church and the Squire element in the party obtain a hearing for a short time in the councils of the leaders, but generally only to be conveniently disregarded when the more popular and Tory-Democratic element asserts itself, and demands such essentially democratic measures as Free Education and Local Government. And no man in the Conservative party represents this old Tory element more ably, more courageously, or more eloquently than Mr. Henry Chaplin. His particular pride, indeed, is to represent, or perhaps to lead, "the country party" in the House of Commons. He is "the farmers' friend," and is often to be found advocating legislation to benefit his friends, which is somewhat coldly looked upon by his parliamentary colleagues. If one desired to point out to a foreigner a typical English squire and country gentleman who still retains many of the characteristics which have made the name of an Englishman of this description famous all the world over, one could not do better than direct him to Mr. Chaplin.

Mr. Chaplin is a leading member of what is known as "the turf"; he is a prominent figure in "society"; he is a friend of the Prince of Wales; and most of his tastes and pursuits are of the good old-fashioned kind. Moreover, and this with a large section of the English public is a greater honour than to have been Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor, he has once figured as a "Derby" winner, his horse, "Hermit," having won the race in 1867, after one of the most exciting contests ever seen on the Epsom course. It is always remembered, too, as the race which ruined the late Marquis of Hastings.

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THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN.

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Mr. Chaplin was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, and he has sat as a member of Parliament for one or other of the divisions of Lincolnshire since 1868. From the date of his entrance into public life he has taken an interest in agricultural questions; and in the matter of horse-breeding, in which he naturally takes a special interest, he once secured the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee on the Supply of Horses. On the subject of "the foot and mouth disease" he has also been the most persistent opponent in Parliament of the importation of live stock into the kingdom whenever there has been any danger of contagion.

But when the Conservatives went into Opposition in 1880, Mr. Chaplin's interest in politics began to widen, and in the years from 1880 to 1885 he became known as one of the hardest and most relentless fighters in the Conservative ranks. No longer confining his attention chiefly to agricultural questions, he was generally ready to attack the Government of the day on both their foreign and domestic policy. Although he was never actually a member of the Fourth Party, he repeatedly lent Lord Randolph Churchill his aid in debate and in the division lobbies. His attacks on Mr. Gladstone have always been characterised by great vehemence, and it is an undoubted fact that no other member of the House draws Mr. Gladstone in the way that Mr. Chaplin does. It is one of the peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone's career in the House of Commons, and perhaps accounts for some of the failures in his leadership of the House as distinct from the leadership of his party, that he pays such close and unremitting attention to the attacks made upon him by his opponents, whether they are leaders or merely the humblest members in his enemy's ranks. Mr. Gladstone rarely fails to be drawn by Mr. Chaplin, and though very often the result can scarcely be enjoyed by Mr. Chaplin at the time, the fact that he is not slow to renew the attack at the first opportunity at any rate shows that he possesses the qualities of pluck and endurance, and the consciousness of never having been beaten, which account for much of his popularity. He speaks fluently, and with great powers of assurance, and his chief fault in debate is that he takes himself too seriously, and a certain lack of humour gives to his speeches an air of pomposity, which is in reality quite foreign to his character.

When the Conservatives came into power in 1885, his services to his party were rewarded with the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, which post he held without a seat in the Cabinet. After the defeat of the Gladstonians at the General Election in 1886, Lord Salisbury came into

power, and great surprise was exhibited in all quarters at the exclusion of Mr. Chaplin from the Government. It was, however, generally understood that he had been offered an appointment, but that as the appointment did not carry with it a seat in the Cabinet, he preferred to remain an independent supporter of the Government.

In 1889 his ambition was gratified by the creation of a post suited exactly to his tastes. By an Act of 1889 provision was made for the establishment of a Board of Agriculture for Great Britain, on similar lines to the Board of Trade and Local Government Board. The powers and duties formerly administered by a committee of the Privy Council, and also the powers and duties of the Land Commissioners under numerous Acts, were transferred to the new Board, and Mr. Chaplin was appointed its first president, with a seat in the Cabinet. If he was not able during his short term of office to do as much for his friends the farmers as he would have wished, it was not certainly for want of sympathy with them, or from want of courage on his part, to advocate unpopular reforms. He has shown decided leanings towards the Fair Trade movement, and he is one of that small group of statesmen who are possessed with the idea that bimetallism is the remedy for most of the evils we suffer from in this country.

Mr. Chaplin's country seat is at Blankney Hall, near Sleaford, Lincolnshire. He is 53 years of age, and a widower, his wife, who was a daughter of the third Duke of Sutherland, having died in 1881.

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CAPTAIN LUGARD.

CAPTAIN F. D. LUGARD, D.S.O.

HALF a dozen years ago, stray letters and rumours began to find their way from beyond the Great Lakes of East Africa, telling that someone was struggling on almost single-handed against difficulties, great even as compared with those which meet us in every country where it first becomes necessary to establish our supremacy, and since then, Captain F. D. Lugard, the man in question, has returned home to tell the story of his struggles for himself.

Captain Lugard was only twenty-nine years of age when, with health impaired by the hard work and climatic troubles of the Burma campaign, he decided to spend his sick leave in the heart of Africa. He was, however, already a Distinguished Service Officer, and wore a creditable array of medals across his breast; his good fortune, from the point of view of an officer's army service, was exceptional, and he had as fine a general record as any young soldier of his day.

The details of this career, which has been so very full of action, it is by no means easy to ascertain. Captain Lugard's own intimate friends seem to know little of his past, and he himself rarely recalls it. He has written a book—he does not care who knows that—and incidentally we may mention that it would be hard to find any work which has won such great and universal commendation as the one in question; but apart from this, he does not see that anyone need care to know anything of him beyond that which is contained in the Army List.

In the main he is perfectly right; if a man sit down to indite twelve hundred pages on matters in which he has himself played the leading part, he must stand or fall by his own act. Such a one braves an ordeal almost as fierce as any which can be faced in the interior of Africa; but it would be absolutely impossible for anyone to find ground for making, in this case, charges of that self-sufficiency or vanity which can be too often urged against the authors of many works of this class.

To introduce the inevitable line of biography, it may now be mentioned

that Captain Frederick D. Lugard was born at Fort George, Madras, in 1858; his father did duty as an army chaplain for nearly thirty years in this Presidency. Most of the members of his family are or have been soldiers, and his grandfather, Captain John Lugard, after distinguishing himself in the Napoleonic wars, was made Commandant of the Duke of York's School, an appointment which he held for exactly half a century. Another of the Lugards, Henry, Colonel in the Royal Engineers, son of the Commandant, designed the camps at Aldershot and the Curragh, while it was intimated to Lieutenant Edward Lugard, a younger brother of the subject of this sketch, who was wounded in the Manipur disaster, that his share in that unfortunate affair redounded greatly to his credit.

Next to the rarely-equalled generosity and loyalty with which he speaks of all who served under him, that which is most conspicuous in Captain Lugard is his absolute impartiality with regard to conflicting interests, claims, and creeds. He is never too busy nor too weary to hear what anyone has to say, nor to duly weigh the disputed points in private afterwards; and in coming to a decision he never allows himself to be beguiled by the specious pleas of advisability or expediency. With him the one and only course to be pursued was "to do that which was right, regardless of any other considerations," as the verdict of his comrades went when, on his last night in the desert, they presented their leader with a sword and a pair of binoculars, adding to the gift words of regard and esteem which make Captain Lugard declare that the memories of that evening are the most valued of his life.

Lugard's reading of the law of religious equality will secure for him the respect of all fair-minded men. "It is not my duty," he solemnly writes, in treating of this matter, "to set myself in God's place as an arbitrator of which faith is right and which is wrong. . . . . When once I know that their profession is sincere . . . . my feeling is that God will deal with the religions of these natives as seems good to Him."

This very fairness and impartiality threatened for a time to cause differences between Lugard and the missionaries of our own Church, but it is only just to say that all the leading organs of the different religious bodies in our own country, hold that Lugard's book was a strong testimony in support of mission work. The reviews in the *Rock* and the *Church Times* were, perhaps, the most enthusiastic which have appeared, and little less favourable were those of the *Record* (a Church Missionary Society's organ), the *British Weekly* (Non-conformist), and the *Free Church Monthly* (Scotch). What differences did exist,

were due to the fact that the position of missionaries in a country with which our relations are strained, to use a diplomatic term, has unfortunately not yet been defined, a matter for which neither they nor a representative of the Government could be held blameworthy. Moreover, as Captain Lugard says, he could not point out the shortcomings of the Romanist missions and disguise those of their opponents. He further states that the course pursued by certain individuals was not, in his opinion, in accordance with the rules and tenets of the Church Missionary Society, a view which has since received support by the attitude assumed by that body at home. Absolute fearlessness is another of the personal characteristics of this African pioneer; and we do not limit the meaning of the word to personal courage only, though in that he would be hard to beat, nor yet do we specially now refer to the manner in which he challenges and overcomes what appear to be insuperable difficulties, till the natives exclaim: "Truly nothing can daunt or stop the white man!" It is in the indifference shown to hostile criticism that true fearlessness is best shown. All that happens in the interior of Africa, for instance, will ultimately be reported at the coast. That every Englishman knows, and would not fear to know could he rely on the report being truly given and the attending circumstances explained when the facts are stated. But that he never can know, and the temptation must often be very great to swerve a little to the one side or to the other, when by so doing it is felt that the matter will look better in the eyes of influential people at home. This Lugard never did. What is right is that which must be done, is his one motto, and to it he never failed to adhere.

He understands the African character, as probably few understand it, and he sees which of the faults of the race he must condone, and with which he must deal with a strong firm hand. He fearlessly points out the manner in which we have ourselves failed in our duty towards these irresponsible, vacillating, mindless beings whose destinies have been committed to our care, and he indicates how this failure may be avoided in future. He shows throughout how proud he is to be one of a dominant race, and how high he has set his standard, never allowing himself in any moment of weakness or discouragement to slacken his efforts to live up to it, lest he should give those under him cause to think lightly of the nation he represents. And finally he shows us what a grand future lies before us in East Africa, if we have but the courage and determination to retain and make secure the prize which is already our own.

MISS LETTY LIND.

ALTHOUGH dancing has been frequently called "the poetry of motion," and no less a person than the serious Ralph Waldo Emerson has said that "the smile is the dance of the face, and the dance the smile of the limbs," the fact remains that many hundreds of people in this country still look upon the art as necessarily associated with certain forms of viciousness. And even if they grudgingly admit that in the case of some performers, dancing may attain to a perfection which raises it into the domain of high art, they still affect to look down upon the dancer as an artist, and as unworthy to be spoken of in the same breath with the actor or the musician. None the less, and this fact partly explains the hostility of certain people, the love of dancing, and the delight in watching the graceful movement of limbs, seems permanently bound up with human nature in all ages and in all countries. To some people it appears to be instinctive, just as an ear for music is the inheritance of others from their birth.

In the case of Miss Letty Lind, who for several years has been a special favourite with all lovers of dancing, her practice of the art dates back to her very early years. Indeed, dancing, like other arts which depend on lissomeness and grace of movement for success, demands that its elements be mastered in childhood. But Miss Lind's ambitions at first were directed towards the concert platform, and not satisfied with the success she met there, she made several attempts to come out as an actress. To Mr. Charles Wyndham she owed her first engagement, and she was appointed by him to understudy the part of *Betsy*. Mr. Robert Buchanan afterwards gave her a part in one of his plays, and it was then that her first opportunity came to make a name with the public. During the performance of the piece there was an awkwardly long wait, and Mr. Buchanan, evidently believing in Miss Lind's capacities, suggested to her in a general sort of way that she should do something to fill up the gap. She rose to the occasion, and the result was *The Language of Love*, in which she gave such clever and amusing

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imitations of various animals, that the performance "caught on" at once, and brought her into notice. Dancing had, however, not yet occurred to her as a definite ambition, and shortly after the close of her engagement with Mr. Buchanan she was acting in a Birmingham pantomime. Then she obtained an engagement in Mrs. Saker's company, and it was while she was acting under this management that she first made the discovery that it was not as a singer, or as an actress of burlesque, that she was destined to succeed, but as a dancer. She was given a song to sing which did not take her fancy at all, and she asked permission to try a dance instead. The permission was granted, and once more Miss Lind "caught on," and this time permanently. Her dance saved the piece in which she was acting, and since that date she herself has only been known to playgoers as a dancer. In 1887 she was in the Drury Lane Pantomime of *Puss in Boots*, and she then became permanently attached to Mr. George Edwardes' Gaiety company. Among the different pieces in which she has appeared under his management are *Ruy Blas* in 1889, and *Carmen Up to Data* in 1890. A serious illness interfered with her career for some months, but she returned to her old position, none the worse for her long absence. Her latest appearance has been in *Morocco Bound*, produced in April, 1893, at the Prince of Wales's, which after having changed its home once or twice, brought its successful run to a close in February, 1894. The popularity of this piece was in no small measure due to the exquisite dancing of Miss Lind. To grace of movement and a beautiful figure is added in her case great charm of manner and of expression, and so long as it is known that Miss Lind is dancing in any piece, playgoers will fill that particular theatre and forgive the management any artistic errors and deficiences in the rest of the production.

THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ERNEST LOUIS CHARLES ALBERT WILLIAM, GRAND DUKE OF HESSE, is only yet at the beginning of his public career. Born on the 25th of November, 1868, he is now only in his twenty-sixth year, and it was so recently as the 13th of March, 1892, that he succeeded his lamented father as ruler of an interesting, if not very considerable part of the German Empire. In the ordinary course of things he might have little opportunity of distinguishing himself, for the subordinate parts of the Empire are overshadowed by the greatly preponderating kingdom of Prussia, and what applies to them is still more true of their sovereigns in comparison with the German Emperor, who may have many good and some great qualities, but of whom it cannot be said that he regards silence and self-suppression as imperial virtues. But there is only too much ground for fearing that the coming years have grave tribulations in store for the nations. Europe is to-day "an armed camp" in a far stronger sense than when Mr. Disraeli startled the House of Commons with the apophthegm; and though it may be that even the sovereigns and statesmen who hold the dogs of war in leash do not know how or when the Armageddon may come, yet all the well-informed are assured that a state which is one of truce rather than of peace cannot be maintained indefinitely. When the deluge comes, it may leave behind it a very abomination of desolation, but it will doubtless present to the sovereigns and princes of Germany a rare opportunity of showing what they may have in them of generalship and statesmanship. The late Grand Duke of Hesse bore himself well in the Franco-German War; and there are several reasons why we should hope that his son may play an even more eminent part in the conflict now looming on the horizon.

First in importance among these reasons, though last in order, is, of course, the fact of his Royal Highness's betrothal to his cousin—cousin in both first and second degrees—the Princess Victoria Melita, second

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daughter of the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, of whom it is easier to speak as the Duke of Edinburgh. The wedding is announced for the third week in April, at Coburg, and is, according to present arrangements, to be attended by her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, and also by the German Emperor. The contract was formally sanctioned by the Queen at the end of January, 1894, and we may be sure that it must have given more than common gratification to her Majesty, for, as everyone knows, the Grand Duke is the son of her beloved daughter, the late Princess Alice, and his father was one of the Queen's most attached friends. When the late Grand Duke died, the Court Circular noticed the sad occurrence in terms which we cannot be mistaken in attributing to her Majesty's own discriminating pen. "The Grand Duke," it ran, "in whom the Queen feels she loses a real son, was tenderly loved by the whole of the Royal Family; and since the death of her Majesty's dear daughter, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, in 1878, he has paid yearly visits to the Queen with his motherless and now orphan children. His Royal Highness, who was in his fifty-fifth year, was a very distinguished general, and was much beloved by his subjects, over whom he reigned most wisely and kindly." Very characteristically it was added that the event had occurred "on the anniversary of the death of the late Emperor of Russia, father of the Duchess of Edinburgh. Her Royal and Imperial Highness is first cousin of the lamented Grand Duke."

It is now fifteen years since the present Grand Duke's mother received the "kiss of death" from her son, yet her memory is still green, both in this country and in the land of her adoption. When she married the late Grand Duke, Louis IV., at Osborne, in July, 1862, he was two removes from the Grand Ducal Crown, and she lived to share the crown with him less than two years. They resided chiefly at Darmstadt, the capital, and there the present Grand Duke and all their children, with the exception of the eldest, the Princess Victoria, who saw the light at Windsor on the 5th of April, 1863, were born. The war with France came in 1873, and while Prince Louis went to the front as Divisions-Commandeur, his wife threw herself into hospital work. The first of the domestic troubles which brought her life to a premature end fell upon her in 1873, when her little son, Prince Frederick, fell from a window and was killed. Five years later her husband and five of her children were smitten with diphtheria. She nursed the sufferers herself, and had rescued all of them but one from the clutch of

the fell disease when she herself was stricken with it, and, exhausted no doubt by her anxious vigils, quickly succumbed, dying on the 14th of December, the anniversary of her father's death. The touching circumstances were beautifully described by Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Lords a few days later, when he told how the physicians had enjoined her Royal Highness, in watching over her suffering family, not to be tempted into an embrace; how her admirable self-restraint carried her through the crisis of the terrible complaint in safety, until it fell to her to break to her son (the present Grand Duke) the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, when the spectacle of his distress so affected her that she clasped him to her breast, and in kissing him inhaled the deadly contagion. The poet and the painter are wont to figure Love and Death as two who are ever at strife: here surely they were one.

Of the Grand Duke's sisters, the eldest, Princess Victoria, of whom we have already spoken, was married in 1884 to Prince Louis of Battenberg; the Princess Elizabeth, born on the 1st of November, 1864, was married, also in 1884, to the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia; the Princess Irene was born on the 11th of July, 1866, and married in 1888 to Prince Henry of Prussia; and the youngest, the Princess Alice, now in her twenty-second year, is not yet wedded. It may be added that, by one of those anomalies —due in part, though only in part, to the accidents of war—which the student of the princely pedigrees of Germany not seldom meets with, his Royal Highness, who is a Chevalier of the Order of the Black Eagle, is head of the younger branch of the royal house of Hesse, the elder being known as the branch of the Landgraves, and being represented by as many as three families, resident respectively at Philippsruhe, at Philippsthal, and at Herleshausen.

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DR. A. C. MACKENZIE

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DR. A. C. MACKENZIE.

THE President of the Royal Academy of Music is a leading member of the group of English composers who within less than a generation have done not a little to redeem their country from the reproach of being, in a creative sense, unmusical. Time was when the Englishman had as good a conceit of himself musically as in most other respects. Has not Erasmus put on record our national boast that we had the handsomest women and the most accomplished musicians of any people in the world? And was the ingenuous Sir John Hawkins, the musical historian, doing his nation more than justice when he said that at the beginning of the sixteenth century it produced "a race of musicians not inferior to the best in foreign countries"? It was in the middle of this century that the great Tallis flourished. But in the next century came Handel and Bach; and it is not open to the most fervid patriotism to deny that the surprising outburst of musical genius among the Germans of which those great masters were the first-fruits, and which cannot, while Brahms is still productive, be said yet to have spent itself, has had no parallel among us. Composers we have had with a precious gift of fresh, pure melody; but in the development of the greater forms of the art—the oratorio, the opera, the symphony, the sonata, and so forth—we have taken virtually no part. Now, however, we have begun to change all this; and the subject of these paragraphs is but one of several English composers whose operas and oratorios, not to speak of smaller compositions, are not merely heard with acclamation in the land which is proud to call them her sons, but are warmly welcomed in Germany and in Italy. Nor have Dr. Mackenzie's works met with more favour than they deserve. One of the most erudite of musicians, he has a creative force by virtue of which he is the master, and not the slave, of his learning. Thus it is that he is never slipshod on the one hand, and never pedantic on the other. The production of *Colomba* in 1883, first at Drury Lane, and afterwards at Hamburg and elsewhere on the Continent, was hailed at the time by competent judges as a new departure in English

opera; and again and again since then has he shown himself capable of even better things, fine as that work undoubtedly is.

In Dr. Mackenzie we see what heredity and environment can do when they have the grace to work together. Both his father, Alexander Mackenzie (1819–57), and his grandfather, John M. Mackenzie (1797–1852), were violinists at Edinburgh, where he himself was born, and spent his early years, beginning his musical education under his father; then, in 1857, at the age of ten, going to Germany to study under Ulrich E. Stein, and four years later being admitted a member of the Schwarzburg-Sondershausen orchestra. In 1862 he came to London to continue his violin studies under Sainton and Charles Lucas, and in 1865 returned to Edinburgh as teacher, conductor, and composer. As the years passed, his bent led him to devote himself more and more to composition, and in 1879 he gave up his Edinburgh connection and went to live in Italy. *Colomba* was preceded, in 1882, by *Jason*, a dramatic cantata; it was followed, in 1884, by an oratorio the *Rose of Sharon*, composed for the Norwich Festival, and ranked by many as a distinctly greater achievement than the opera which was the first convincing proof of his creative faculty. Then came another opera, *The Troubadour*, produced also at Drury Lane, in 1886. To the same year belongs another cantata, *The Story of Sayid*, which was soon followed by others, *The Cotter's Saturday Night* in 1888, and *The Dream of Jubal* in 1889, this last work being performed first at Liverpool and repeated in the following year at Norwich. Dr. Mackenzie's "Jubilee" ode, performed at the Crystal Palace on the 22nd of June, 1887, justified the confidence of those who were assured that he would not fall below the level of a great occasion; and the ode with which the Glasgow Exhibition was opened in the following year, "The New Covenant," was significant of the fact that it is easier for the composer than for the poet to work to order. Among his more recent compositions are *The Lord of Life*, composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1891, and *Bethlehem*, produced in 1892. He has also written a large number of instrumental works, as was to be expected of one who has so thorough and practical an acquaintance with the orchestra. These include a great deal of chamber music, two Scottish rhapsodies, in which there is abundance of the national colour that often appears elsewhere in his works, a violin concerto, introduced at the Birmingham Festival by Sarasate in 1885, a pibroch for the same instrument, with which the Spanish *virtuoso* frequently delights his admirers, and the *Ravenswood Suite*,

performed at Norwich at the Festival when *The Dream of Jubal* was repeated, and when, too, a work by another eminent English composer, the *L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso* of Dr. Hubert Parry, was produced.

In 1892 Dr. Mackenzie, who owes his Mus.D. to St. Andrews, succeeded Mr. Cowen as conductor of the Philharmonic Society's concerts. His appointment to the chair of Crotch and Sterndale Bennett and Macfarren dates from 1887, and in his inaugural address to the students of an institution which seems at last to have fallen upon good days, he gave a significant exposition of the objects which, as President, he should keep steadily in view, chief among them being the furnishing of opportunity to the students to learn the art of conducting, the systematic study by the Academy choir of English church music, the further development of the operatic class, and the practice by the students' orchestra of modern as well as of ancient classical works. Dr. Mackenzie is always well worth listening to when he is discoursing upon the art of which he knows so much, and his lectures at the Royal Institution in 1893 on Verdi's *Falstaff*, in which he combated and vanquished the superficial notion that that composer shows Wagnerian influence in his later works, were among the most luminous deliverances on musical subjects in recent years.

THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

THERE are few ladies who have maintained their early reputation for beauty in an equal degree with the Countess Grosvenor. It is now just twenty years since Lady Sibell Mary Lumley, the young and fascinating daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough, became the bride of the Duke of Westminster's eldest son. From the first her beauty of feature, the charm of her manner, and the sweetness of her disposition caused her to be recognised as one of the most attractive figures in London society. In 1884 Earl Grosvenor died, leaving his widow with three young children, the youngest of whom, Viscount Belgrave (born in 1879), is heir to the Duchy of Westminster.

The countess comes of an ancient and honourable stock, and can claim the rare distinction of being descended from the Anglo-Saxon kings, her ancestor Liulph de Lumley having married Algetha, daughter of Alfred, Earl of Northumberland, and granddaughter of Ethelred II. The name Sybil came into the family in the thirteenth century, when Roger de Lumley married the daughter and co-heiress of Hugh de Morewic, a powerful Northumbrian baron. The most distinguished member of the family from a military point of view was Sir Richard Lumley, a zealous royalist who held a high command under Prince Rupert, and was rewarded for his services with the title of Viscount Lumley of Waterford. His grandson, Richard, commanded a troop of horse at the battle of Sedgemoor, and was made Earl of Scarborough in 1690.

The marriage of the Countess Grosvenor and her second husband, Mr. George Wyndham, was celebrated in the private chapel at Eaton, on February 7, 1887. Mr. Wyndham's best man was his brother, Mr. Guy Percy Wyndham, and the bride was given away by her brother, the Earl of Scarborough. Mr. Wyndham, who was born in 1863, is the eldest son of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, and the eldest grandson of the first Lord Leconfield. He was formerly in the Coldstream Guards, and served in the Egyptian campaign of 1885. Since 1889 he has represented Dover, and he is said to

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THE COUNTESS OF GROSVENOR.

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be the handsomest man, or one of the handsomest men, in the House of Commons. As private secretary to Mr. Balfour, he came in for a considerable share of the obloquy and ridicule so freely bestowed on that gentleman by his political adversaries. He is an able and promising representative of sound and moderate Conservatism. The Countess Grosvenor and Mr. Wyndham reside at Saighton Hall in Cheshire. Their son, Percy Lyulph, was born in 1887.

MR. JOHN HARE.

ALL the world conspires to praise Mr. Hare. There is a large band of confirmed Anti-Irvingites; there are many who rail at Mr. Tree; even Mr. Toole has no lack of depreciators. Mr. Hare almost alone of English actors gives universal pleasure and wins universal applause. Of course an explanation of this is not far to seek. Mr. Hare has never been a victim to vaulting ambition. From the first he has known his own powers and kept well within them. As he has himself expressed it, the public came to recognise him in a certain line of character, that of old men—to look for and applaud him in it, and to almost resent his assumption of any other: and he has acquiesced almost completely in the wishes of the public, contenting himself with striving after perfection within the somewhat narrow limits thus imposed. It is no slight achievement that in most cases, in the opinion of most critics, he has got as near perfection as was humanly possible.

Like Mr. Irving, Mr. Hare had the painful experience, on the occasion of his first performance, of being vigorously hissed by the audience. This was in *A Business Woman*—in 1865, at a Liverpool theatre. He was then a little over twenty. His next appearance, six months later, in the *rôle* of Landlord Short, in *Naval Engagements*, at the old Prince of Wales's, then under the joint management of Miss Marie Wilton and H. J. Byron, was more successful, and resulted in his remaining a member of the company for the following ten years. By March, 1875, Mr. Hare had attained sufficient fame as an actor to justify him in assuming the risks and responsibilities of management, and got together a powerful company at the old Court Theatre. Amongst actors and actresses of note who played with him here were the Kendals and Miss Ellen Terry. His profits were far beyond his most sanguine expectations, two of his productions—*New Men and Old Acres* and *Olivia*—bringing in more than £25,000 between them. Next came his nine years' partnership with the Kendals in the management of the St. James's Theatre, beginning in 1879 with *The Squire*. Amongst other parts

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MR. JOHN HARE.

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assumed by him up to this date with special success may be mentioned those of Sir John Veney in *Money*, Sir Patrick Lundie in *Man and Wife*, Dr. Penguin in *A Scrap of Paper*, and the Rev. Paul Dormer in *The Squire*. *The Squire* was the last production at the St. James's as it had been the first. On the conclusion of his partnership with the Kendals, Mr. Hare joined Mrs. John Wood's company for a time at the new Court Theatre and made something of a hit as Jack Pontifex in *Mamma*.

On April 24, 1889, a new era in Mr. Hare's life commenced with the opening of the new Garrick Theatre, specially built for him in Charing Cross Road. *The Profligate* was the first production, Mr. Hare himself taking the subordinate part of Lord Dangars. *La Tosca*, in which he did not appear at all, followed, and then came *A Pair of Spectacles*, in which he assumed the principal *rôle* of Benjamin Goldfinch with immense success. This, indeed, may be said to have been his most excellent impersonation, and it won unstinted eulogy from the critics. Revivals of *School* and of *Diplomacy* (in which the Bancrofts reappeared after a long absence from the stage), and more recently—after the somewhat unsuccessful production of *An Old Jew*, Mr. Hare himself in the *title-rôle*—of *Caste*, in which his own son Mr. Gilbert Hare—the Leveret, as Mr. Punch dubs him rather frivolously—took the *rôle* of Sam Gerridge,—these and *A Fool's Paradise* have been the principal other productions at the *Garrick*.

The part of Sam Gerridge was originally created by Mr. Hare himself in 1867, and his performance in it ranks amongst his best. Mr. Moy Thomas, the veteran dramatic critic, must have had this impersonation chiefly in his mind, this and perhaps also his Touchstone, a *rôle* in which it is to be hoped he will be seen again—when he recently gave Mr. Hare credit for versatility. Versatility is certainly not a quality that is remarkable in Mr. Hare's acting of recent years. It is not merely that he has largely restricted himself to the impersonation of old men; there is sufficient variety in old men to tax the powers of the most versatile of actors: it is rather that his own individuality is never sufficiently sunk—something of Mr. Hare stands out too prominently from all his various impersonations, something that has the effect of a family likeness, that kind of fleeting, intangible likeness one can't locate—between all, forming a sort of connecting link between characters which should have nothing in common. One cannot forget the actor in the part.

Mr. Hare, as has been said, comes in for almost universal praise from

the critics; his personal popularity amongst his own profession is no less universal, and his kindliness and good-nature have endeared him especially to beginners. Even in his capacity of actor-manager he has laid himself open to little or no hostile criticism.

Mr. Hare is only a year or two more than fifty, and is much younger than his years. It may be hoped, therefore, that he has still a long and prosperous career before him.

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MR. THOMAS HARDY.

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MR. THOMAS HARDY.

AT a time when a new novel-writing genius—generally of the more sentimental sex—is being discovered every other week, it is refreshing to find that one who made his mark twenty years ago, and has since delighted the world with more than a dozen works, including an admitted masterpiece, should still hold his own as one of the three or four great novelists of his generation. Mr. Hardy has received no lack of attention from the critics, to whom he has not shown himself a specially docile pupil; but, so far as we know, no attempt has been made to classify him. The omission is an undesigned tribute to the originality and independence of his genius. It might be no difficult task to show that he is at once realist and romanticist; and an analysis of his method along this line might help the candid inquirer to solve the antinomy between the two terms. If Mr. Hardy's minute and precise pictures of rural sights and sounds, painted as with the brush of a Meissonier, and his flesh-and-blood portraits of Wessex peasants, are not realistic, we may rejoice that he is no realist; if his "Woodlanders" and his "Return of the Native" are not romantic, let us be thankful that he is no romanticist.

Mr. Hardy, who was born in a Dorsetshire village three-and-fifty years ago, is a man of many aptitudes. His taste for science and philosophy has left traces on his style, not always to its advantage; while his treatment of the stars in "Two on a Tower" suggests that if he had not been a great novelist he might have risen to distinction as a highly imaginative, if undevout astronomer. And he narrowly escaped becoming an ecclesiastical architect, as indeed one might have suspected from "A Laodicean." Having chosen architecture as his profession, he began his studies at Dorchester, and continued them under Sir Arthur Blomfield, and to such good purpose that in 1863 he won Sir W. Tite's Prize for Design and carried off the prize and medal of the Institute of British Architects for an essay on coloured brick and terra-cotta architecture. On every ground it is well that in the conflict between letters and art, of which these achievements were a symptom, the former proved the stronger; for it would have been more curious than

edifying to see a man of Mr. Hardy's theological and ecclesiastical views restoring churches, however artistically. His first experiment in fiction, "Desperate Remedies," which appeared in 1871, is particularly interesting as showing how unconscious a man may be, at the outset of his career, of his best and choicest gift. Purely a novel of plot and incident, save for its fresh and graphic delineations of scenery, "Desperate Remedies" shows exuberant invention, and a power of weaving a complicated tissue of mystery which, had it been cultivated to the full, as, thank Heaven, it was not, might have given us another Wilkie Collins instead of the creator of Joseph Poorgrass, with his "multiplying eye." Of the rustic humour, admirable in its breadth and depth, which is Mr. Hardy's greatest quality, there is not a single gleam. It is clear that he had bent himself to his task with all his strength, but when it was completed he had for his reward the artist's accusing conscience. So at least we conclude from the circumstance that his next venture, "Under the Greenwood Tree," which came in the following year, was a story without a plot and almost without an incident. What Mr. Hardy thought of it we do not know; but we suspect that if his more discriminating admirers were, for their sins, condemned to lose every book of his but one, their unhesitating choice would be this well of English humour undefiled. Mr. Hardy may have little pathos: he may appear to be rather angry with Fate for visiting the world with woes than sympathetic with those who have to suffer them; but by this unpretending tale of country life he at once sprang into the front rank of our humourists. Never before had the shrewd, pungent, slightly profane humours of the Wessex rustic, neither clown nor sot, but very much of a pagan, with a wicked delight in plain speech on delicate subjects, found such an interpreter. No one can have the least desire to know what became of Angel Clare; and even Tess herself, for whom Mr. Hardy seems to cherish a tenderness which he feels for none other of his *personæ*, may be left to give sport to "whatever gods there be." But who that knows "Under the Greenwood Tree" could be content to give up Reuben Dewy, who must always be in his shirt-sleeves because of his "warm nater;" or Sam Bowman, who was "good, but not religious good;" or Mrs. Penny, with her talisman for all disagreeables—"'Tis to be, and here goes!" or Thomas Leaf, who admits that he has no head, is grateful when people are not angry with him for the deficiency, and prides himself upon the clever son his mother would have had if his infant brother had lived to grow up? Even Fancy, the flighty schoolmistress,

one would be loath to spare, if only because she is the first of the long line of tricksy young women whom it has been Mr. Hardy's delight to portray.

"Under the Greenwood Tree" was succeeded in 1873 by a story with a hardly less felicitous title. "A Pair of Blue Eyes," perhaps the gayest of its author's more ambitious productions, is not only lit up with many a flash of rustic humour, but there plays about it also the more refined humour of comedy, which is much less characteristic of Mr. Hardy; and we may be excused for thinking that, invincible as is his repugnance to a happy ending, he must have found it hard to bring it to so gruesome a close. The next year—so rapid was his production—brought with it his most popular novel. "Far from the Madding Crowd" is without controversy a powerful, compact, finished, and brilliant piece of work, abounding in humour and in effective incident, palpitating with tragic interest, and bold in invention, while, on the whole, free from the improbabilities into which its author's consistent love of the audacious has sometimes betrayed him elsewhere. Of his remaining works, "The Hand of Ethelberta" belongs to 1876, "The Return of the Native" to 1878, "The Trumpet-Major" to 1880, "A Laodicean" to 1881, "Two on a Tower" to 1882, "The Mayor of Casterbridge"—which, if less brilliant than "Far from the Madding Crowd," is hardly inferior to it in strength—to 1886, and "The Woodlanders," one of the most delightful of the list, with its fine atmosphere, to 1887. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" appeared at the end of 1891, and, while it may have widened Mr. Hardy's already large circle of readers, cannot have given unmitigated satisfaction to those who, in fiction, prefer humour to polemics. "Sir John" is, no doubt, an admirable study, and does something to relieve the prevailing gloom. The Tess of the two first volumes is by far the most sympathetic of all our author's female characters—the only one, indeed, with much pretension to the dignity of a heroine; and the third of her many "phases," "The Rally," is one of the most charming idylls ever put into prose. But it is no easy thing to follow her through her later developments, nor can we regard her evil genius as standing on a higher plane than the melodramatic Mr. Dare, of "A Laodicean." Mr. Hardy has also written many short stories of very varying merit—"Wessex Tales," collected in 1888, "A Group of Noble Dames," marked by even more than his ordinary cynicism, and "Life's Little Ironies," in which he once more takes up his favourite *rôle* of showing with how little justice the universe is governed.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

HORTLY before *The Transgressor* was produced at the Court Theatre, Mr. Pinero made the famous speech in which he entreated the dramatic critics to "praise, praise, praise." The enthusiastic reception accorded to Miss Olga Nethersole in the *rôle* of the heroine, Sylvia, showed either that his words had taken effect, or (and this will seem more probable to the average playgoer) that they had been absolutely unnecessary. The chief fault of the critics, indeed, most people will agree, is that they praise too indiscriminately and too much, rather than too little, and that when an occasion arises for enthusiasm in the performance, say, of a Bernhardt or a Duse, or an Ada Rehan, or of some young actress of our own stage like Mrs. Campbell or Miss Nethersole, their superlatives are stale with constant use; and they can only make up in unanimity what they lack in individual expression. In Miss Nethersole's case the critics were literally unanimous. There was not a discordant note in the entire chorus of eulogy. She awoke next morning to find herself "arrived."

Miss Nethersole has been about seven or eight years on the stage. Her first engagement was as Lettice Vane in *Harvest*, in Mr. Hawtrey's company at Brighton. After touring for a year or so in the provinces, she appeared at the Adelphi as Ruth Medway in *The Union Jack* and Lola in *The Silver Falls*. Then followed a brief period at the St. James's, after which she returned to the Adelphi to impersonate the first of a series of double-dyed adventuresses—a type of character with which, until her present success, she was to remain chiefly identified. The part of the betrayed girl Janet in *The Profligate* was allotted to her in 1888 by Mr. Hare, and in *La Tosca*, which followed, she had an opportunity of giving a glimpse of her latent powers in the *title-rôle* during a short absence of Mrs. Bernard-Beere. A visit to Australia followed, in the course of which she appeared with much success in *The Idler* and as La Tosca. She returned, delighted with her colonial experiences, to take the *rôle* of Beatrice Selwyn—one more adventuress—in *A Fool's Paradise*, and then that of Countess Zicka—yet another!—in *Diplomacy*.

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MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

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Miss Nethersole now decided to assume the responsibilities of managership on her own account. Amongst the many plays submitted to her was one entitled *The Transgressor*, by an unknown writer who had offered it in vain to the managers of various theatres. She read it herself, at once accepted it, determined to make it the opening production of her managership of the Court Theatre, got together an excellent company, assumed the principal *rôle* herself, and achieved one of the most remarkable successes known of recent years in the world of dramatic art.

Miss Nethersole is still quite young, and is full of enthusiasm and ambition. She will not rest content on her laurels. She has confided to an interviewer that Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra are characters she looks forward to being seen in. Meanwhile, her interests and pleasures are not restricted to the stage. Though a Londoner born and bred, she loves the country, and keeps a little farm in Norfolk. Salmon-fishing is her favourite pastime. She plays golf and rides, and can tell you the names, they say, of every wild flower in the hedgerows. In short, she "warms both hands before the fire of life."

LIEUT. DAN GODFREY.

IEUTENANT DAN GODFREY, the well-known and peculiarly energetic bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards, is a familiar personality to most of those who interest themselves in military musical entertainments, or have assisted at such military functions as the trooping of the Colours, or the changing of the guard at St. James's Palace. Lieutenant Godfrey was born in 1830, and owed his appointment as bandmaster to the influence of the late Prince Consort, himself, like so many of his fellow-countrymen, an enthusiastic votary of music. In his new capacity, one of the earliest duties that fell to the lot of the young bandmaster was to meet and to play into London the brigade of the Guards upon their return from the Crimea in 1856, for which occasion he composed a special march—"The Return of the Guards." Until 1857 a military bandmaster was not considered a member of the army, and the post was often filled by foreigners. The men composing the band were, at this period, under the command of sergeant-drummers, generally known as drum-majors, while the bandmaster was only concerned with the music. In this year, however, their position was changed, and a school for training military bandmasters was established at Kneller Hall, Twickenham, and was subsidised by the military authorities. Ten years later the War Office took over the school, and it is now the source from which military bandmasters are supplied. It is managed by a Director and nine Professors, and its pupils go through a course of two years, being passed on into the army at the rate of about twenty a year. The bandmasters are now counted as part of the army. They rank as warrant-officers, draw Government pay and allowances, and also, as if to illustrate the anomalous position occupied by a military band, a bandmaster draws £70 a year from the regimental band fund.

Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, however, was raised to the rank of Honorary Lieutenant on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, and his period of service was lengthened beyond the usual time of compulsory retirement at the special desire of the Queen. He is an influential member of the Royal Academy of Music, of which Society he is a Fellow.

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The anomalous position of a military band has been alluded to above, and this arises in a great measure out of the twofold object of its existence —namely, use and pleasure. It is a far cry from the prehistoric ox-horn—which still keeps up its memory in the word "bugle"—or the conch shell of the savage warrior, to the finished style and scientific performance of the bands of the Guards, the Royal Artillery, or the Royal Marines. But music of some kind has from time immemorial been associated with warfare. The earliest and most obvious reason for its employment was to give signals. The Roman soldier knew the succession of the watches from "The Cock-crow" and other trumpet-calls, and the modern soldier's day is still regulated by drum and bugle signals. There used to be a legend that the band played in action to drown the cries of the wounded. Unfortunately, this ingenious theory is at variance with the facts of, at least, modern custom, since the bandsmen are too busy in other ways in action to discourse sweet music. But the cheering and inspiring influence of music was soon taken advantage of to enliven and lighten a dull and tiring march, and the rhythmic throb of the bass-drum, the bray of metal instruments, and the stirring rattle of the side-drum became an inseparable accident of a soldier's life. Other instruments also take their place in regimental music. The Scottish regiments have their own national instrument—the bag-pipes, and it will be remembered that the distant sound of pipes playing "The Campbells are Coming" striking the ear of "Highland Jessie" gave the first intimation to the defenders of Lucknow that their rescuers were at hand. But the ordinary instruments of a military band are the wood-wind and the whole class of sax-horns, the latter being eminently fit for the purpose, though not considered so fit for orchestral purposes. The Government does not provide more in the way of band and bandsmen than is strictly necessary; and though extra men may be taken from the ranks to strengthen the band, these are liable to be withdrawn and returned to the ranks at inspection, and on other similar occasions. Nor does Government pay more than a certain proportion of band expenses. These are met by a band fund, to which officers subscribe a fixed proportion of their pay; and it is for this reason that the band is looked on as chiefly belonging to the officers, and that it plays during mess, and upon other occasions, for the pleasure of the officers. The general duties of the band are to play at parades, at marches out, during mess, and generally when required by the officers. The commanding officer has also the power to give permission to the

band to play away from the regiment, at entertainments and the like, and thus it happens that the performance of the military band is a welcome and accustomed feature at different entertainments in every part of the country.

From the honoured position of the Guards and their close connection with the Sovereign, they are in many respects favoured beyond other regiments, one of these points being in the matter of their bands. For instance, they are allowed more men, and, besides the permission to play in different places and on different occasions by permission of their commanding officers, the bands of the Guards are allowed to play in private clothes, and are therefore often engaged to play upon occasions when they could hardly appear in uniform. The fact, too, of the constant presence of the Guards in or about London makes the excellence of their bands an important point; and all these causes combined give them a good choice of performers, since the post is an enviable one. It would be invidious to make comparisons among the different bands of the brigade; but there can be no question about the excellence of that of the Grenadiers, and this is in a great measure to be attributed to the energy, painstaking qualities, and high musical talent and position of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey.

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THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES AND LADY DILKE.

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SIR CHARLES AND LADY DILKE.

IT was in the year 1885 that the gifted lady who figures in the accompanying photograph was married to Sir Charles Dilke, who had been a widower since 1874. She had long been known to fame, not merely as the wife of Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, who married her in 1862 and left her a widow in 1884, but also from her own contributions to the higher journalism and to literature. For some years she wrote for the *Saturday* and the *Westminster Reviews;* afterwards she was fine-art critic of the *Academy;* then, in 1879, she published, in two volumes, "The Renaissance of Art in France," and in 1884 followed this up with a monograph on Claude Lorraine, written in French. Since her marriage she has sent to the press a book of short stories, under the title "Love and Death," and a volume on "Art in the Modern State." But her sympathy with her husband's pursuits—a sympathy which showed itself in very practical and very effective fashion in the Forest of Dean while, under conditions of exceptional difficulty, he was wooing that constituency—has not been without its influence on her intellectual life, which is now largely concerned with things that the mere connoisseur much prefers to know nothing about. Lady Dilke—who, by the way, is daughter of the late Major Strong, of the Madras Army—has done good work in the service of Art, and she may now be well content to spare some of her energy for the amelioration of the hard lot of her poorer sisters.

Sir Charles Dilke's great parts, both in letters and in politics, none of his opponents have ever attempted to deny. His connection with literature is hereditary, for he is the grandson of Charles Wentworth Dilke, the eminent critic, whose works he saw through the press in 1884, and who in 1830 purchased the *Athenæum*, editing it himself with conspicuous ability for sixteen years, and then for several years being manager of the *Daily News.* His son, who received a baronetcy for his services to the Great Exhibition, succeeded him as proprietor of the *Athenæum*, and at his death in 1869 bequeathed it to the present Sir Charles, who is believed, like his grandfather, to have been for a time his own editor. He is also owner of *Notes and Queries.*

His first literary achievement was the production of one of the ablest and most suggestive books of travel ever written. In the same year that he took his degree at Cambridge, he started on a tour round the world, which occupied him for the rest of 1866 and much of 1867; but such was his industry and facility that the two stout volumes which formed the record of his journeyings appeared in 1868. The striking merits of "Greater Britain"—its wide and detailed knowledge, its masterly grouping, its vigorous grasp, and, above all, a ripe wisdom most uncommon in even very able men at five-and-twenty—were at once recognised. In 1874 Sir Charles wrote "The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco," a satire on the Spanish monarchy. He now snatched time for a second trip round the world; but after his return he found himself with no leisure for any but casual contributions to literature, and it was not till 1887, when he had withdrawn from political life, that he collected some of his essays into a volume entitled "The Present Position of European Politics." In 1888 appeared "The British Army," and at the beginning of 1890, after still another course of travel, he published his "Problems of Greater Britain." It is in this work that he prophesies that the future management of the world's affairs belongs with overwhelming predominance to the English-speaking race, and to the British Empire incomparably more than to the United States. A most comfortable conclusion, which may be commended to any whose minds have taken a tinge of pessimism from Dr. Pearson's gloomy, though highly provisional, forecast.

Sir Charles Dilke's political career may be said to have begun with "Greater Britain," for it was in consequence of that work that he was chosen by the Radicals of Chelsea as their champion in 1868. It was a contest between two extremely able men of letters, for his opponent was Dr. W. H. Russell, and he gave the distinguished war correspondent a handsome beating. In 1871 he went round the towns of the North of England lecturing on the expenses of royalty. There were many riots, and for some months he was the best abused man in the country. Challenged to repeat in the House what he had said on the platform, he brought forward a motion to enquire into the manner in which the income and allowances of the Crown were spent. "There was unmistakable courage," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, in "A History of Our Own Times," "in the way in which he rose to propose his motion. He faced his Houseful of antagonists with dogged calmness. . . . Sir Charles Dilke knew . . . that the most overpowering eloquence"—that of Mr. Gladstone—"was to pour out on him the moment he had finished his

speech. But neither then nor after did he show the slightest sign of quailing." Sir Charles managed to deliver his speech, but when his seconder, the Hon. Auberon Herbert, rose to speak, and bluntly declared himself a Republican, the House became, for the moment, in the words of the same writer, "a merely furious mob." There was roaring, hissing, frantic gesticulation, and every other symptom of raving madness; and, presently, from a member whom it is not necessary to name, proceeded a shrill cock-crow, a musical performance which had been unheard at St. Stephen's for a generation.

Next morning, probably, a good many legislators woke up feeling none the better for their debauch. At any rate, the first cause of this edifying "scene" had done his prospects no harm. That very Session he carried an amendment substituting School Boards for the Committees of Boards of Guardians proposed by Mr. Forster, and another conferring the municipal franchise on women. In 1878 he saw through the House a Bill known as "Dilke's Act," for extending the hours of polling at parliamentary elections in the metropolis; and in 1879 he was put up by the Opposition leaders to move the vote of censure on the Government for their South African policy. His speeches on the Eastern and other questions about this time—always fair and instructive, even when they too much abounded with detail to be immediately effective in a party sense—marked him out for Cabinet office. But when Mr. Gladstone formed his Government in 1880, Sir Charles, with a magnanimity of which we can recall no other instance, stood aside in favour of Mr. Chamberlain, and contented himself with the Foreign Under-Secretaryship. In 1882 he was elevated to the Cabinet as President of the Local Government Board, and as such conducted the Redistribution Bill through the House. But it was less his official position than the reputation he had long enjoyed for fair-mindedness and *savoir faire* that had led Mr. Gladstone to seek his help, with that of the present Duke of Devonshire, in the delicate task of effecting a preliminary settlement of the details of the Bill with the leaders of the Opposition. In 1885 Sir Charles was once more re-elected for Chelsea, but by a diminished majority, and in the following year, owing not entirely to political circumstances, he was defeated. Since his re-appearance in the House he has taken an active part in its proceedings; and, though his voice is heard not seldom, he never speaks without gaining the attention of an assembly that, if it does not regard him as a leader, is obliged to recognise in him one of the best informed of living statesmen.

MISS CISSIE LOFTUS.

ISS CISSIE LOFTUS, though not yet sixteen, for she was born on October 22, 1879, has solved a problem that baffles the industry and ambition of all but a select minority of her fellow-mortals. In nine months she has won a reputation which may fairly be called national, and she earns an income equal to that of a veteran general or an experienced Under-Secretary of State. This girl, in short, is beginning life at a point where few of us can hope to end it. How is the phenomenon to be explained? If you ask Miss Cissie herself, she frankly confesses that she does not understand the secret of her own success. Her Irish blood, she rightly thinks, has something to do with it; for, in her patriotism, she believes genius to be impossible without an admixture of the Celtic element. Then the example of her mother, well known on the stage as Miss Marie Loftus, naturally directed her childish aims towards that branch of histrionic art in which alone her talents could meet with so speedy a reward. But, after all, she modestly attributes the largest share in her triumphs to sheer luck, leaving critics to point out that this luck means little else than exceptional gifts governed by sound common-sense. Less than a year ago she was at a convent school in Blackpool, laying the foundation of a good general education, and preparing specially for an examination, passed with flying colours, at the Liverpool centre of the Royal College of Music. A trifling ailment having sent her home in the middle of the summer term, she became her mother's frequent companion in a round of professional duties. The child had thus a glimpse of most of the leading "stars" of the day, her quick eyes and receptive mind noting and storing up all their little peculiarities. In the drawing-room of the pretty cottage at Herne Hill, where the household gods of the family have been wisely set up far from the glare of the footlights, Miss Cissie astonished her friends on summer afternoons by "taking off" to the very life two or three of the popular artists who had served as her unconscious models. At first her efforts were treated as an ebullition of girlish fun to amuse the domestic circle, but spectators soon detected in her

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MISS CISSIE LOFTUS.

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performance a specimen of that spontaneous and unsophisticated art which is as rare as it is delightful. They urged that the world should have the benefit of the discovery, and Cissie took to the idea so kindly that parental scruples were at last overcome. The experiment was made on July 17, when the child of fourteen found her way at once to the heart of her audience. This fact would seem to prove that the patrons of the burlesque stage and the music-hall have not suffered the demoralisation in taste and feeling with which stern Puritans are too apt to credit them. Miss Cissie Loftus owes comparatively little to "personal attractions." She has a bright, intelligent, but slightly pensive face, honest dark-brown eyes, abundance of hair to match them, a clear and somewhat pale complexion, and a slim figure rather tall for her age. Portraits that bestow on her a pert *retroussé* nose do her an injustice. As to her method it is utterly devoid of staginess or artificiality. Miss Cissie on the boards is precisely the same as Miss Cissie in private life. One might expect just such a performance if any keen-witted and well-bred young girl could be induced to step from the stalls on to the stage, and give an imitation of what she had seen across the footlights. She comes on with a half-timid, half-confident gait, as free from any flavour of acting as every word or gesture that follows. She sings and dances just well enough for the purpose, but no more; though she has a contralto voice that may one day stand her in good stead. Her mimicry is in no way forced or extravagant, and she instinctively avoids the highly-coloured and suggestive characteristics of some of her models. Satire undoubtedly enters into her clever skits, but it might be described almost as the satire of the nursery; its shafts can scarcely wound the most sensitive of a very thin-skinned race. Her impersonations afford quite as much delight to her victims as to the crowds of admirers nightly drawn to the Palace Theatre, to which place of entertainment she is just now prudently limiting her exertions. So competent a judge as Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert no sooner saw her at work than she begged for a place in her repertory, which already includes such a diversity of public favourites as Miss Letty Lind, Miss Marie Lloyd, Miss Florrie Hastings, Miss Millie Hylton, Mr. Haydn Coffin, Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Gus Elen, and Mr. Eugene Stratton. We hope and believe that Miss Cissie Loftus will not be spoilt by her early success. She feels that she has it in her to achieve greater things, and all who have been touched by the freshness and originality of her *début*, will rejoice to see her best aspirations crowned hereafter by durable renown.

HIS HIGHNESS SIR

NRIPENDRA NARAYAN BHUP BHAHADUR,

G.C.I.E., MAHARAJA OF KUCH BEHAR.

THE young Maharaja of Kuch Behar is well acquainted with European life and institutions, and in his own country he has already shown himself an able ruler. His career shows the wisdom of the policy which seeks, by a judicious use of opportunities, both to win the goodwill of the native population and to secure their own lasting welfare. Another condition, however, is requisite, for British influence will not avail unless a chieftain possesses those qualities of mind and heart with which Nature has happily endowed the ruler of Kuch Behar. At the time of his birth—in October, 1862—the little State, which had been ruled by an ancient Kochi dynasty for nearly four hundred years, and under Nar Narayan, a contemporary of our Elizabeth, had reached a high degree of prosperity, extending southwards over Rangpur and the neighbourhood, and leaving monuments of its splendour in the ruined temples of Assam, had sunk into a sad state of disorganisation and decay. The present Maharaja's father, the Raja Narayan Narendra Bhup Bhahadur, died when he was only ten months old, and the management of affairs during his minority was entrusted to a British Commissioner. No alterations were introduced in the existing state of affairs except such as were really indispensable. The aim of the British Government was to set an example of firm and impartial rule, but scope was found for introducing many salutary reforms. An object of special concern to the Government was naturally the education of the young prince to whom they looked to carry on the policy which they had begun. After receiving his earliest training in Wards Institute at Benares, he passed under the care of Mr. H. St. J. Kneller, of the Bankipur College at Patna, and subsequently studied law for three years at the Presidency College, Calcutta. In his sixteenth year he married Sunity Devi, daughter of the famous reformer, Keshab Chandra Sen. This event was in itself the happiest omen for the progress of Kuch Behar, and the Maharani has since shown that she shares to

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THE MAHARAJAH OF KUCH BEHAR.

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the full her father's disregard for antique prejudices, and his readiness to adopt European customs and ways of thought. In the same year he visited England under the guardianship of Surgeon-Major (now Sir Benjamin) Simpson and his former tutor Mr. Kneller, returning to India in the spring of 1879. The attainment of his majority in 1883 was the occasion of a formal installation on the throne of his ancestors, and two years later the dignity of Maharaja was recognised as hereditary in his family. On the occasion of the Jubilee of the Queen's accession, in 1887, he re-visited England, accompanied by the Maharani and her children. During his stay in this country he was decorated with the Insignia of Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire by Her Majesty in person, the Maharani being admitted at the same time into the Order of the Crown of India. He was also made Honorary Aide-de-Camp to the Prince of Wales, and received the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in the British Army. Among the institutions founded either by the Maharaja himself or under his auspices, mention may be made of the Victoria College for Higher Education at Kuch Behar and the Lowis Jubilee Sanatorium at Darjiling. The Maharaja has a beautiful palace at Kuch Behar, and mansions at Calcutta and Darjiling.

The little State of Kuch Behar covers only 1,307 square miles, and maintains some 602,000 inhabitants, the Hindus numbering about 428,000, whilst the Mahommedan population does not much exceed 174,000. It occupies a plain of triangular form surrounded on all sides by British territory and watered by several rivers, some of which afford important facilities for commerce. The soil is generally fertile, and yields abundant crops of rice, the numerous streams supplying ample means of irrigation; tobacco and jute also are grown for exportation. The wide expanse of green fields is relieved here and there by orchards and plantations of bamboos, among which are seen the comfortable dwellings of the *jotdárs*, the proprietors who hold directly from the Maharaja. Village life is unknown in Kuch Behar, each fairly prosperous family forming a little settlement of its own. Much of the land is cultivated by under-tenants, who in their turn sublet it to *ádhiárs*—peasants receiving a fixed amount of the produce. The condition of these agriculturists contrasts favourably with those in the neighbouring districts of Bengal, especially since the good government of the Maharaja has led to an increase in the prosperity of all classes. The chief drawback to their welfare is the climate, which is extremely malarious. The indoor occupations of the people consist in the manufacture of baskets, mats, and

similar goods, and worms reared on the castor-oil plant furnish the material of the woven fabrics for which the district is noted. Kuch Behar, the single town of the State, was, a few years ago, a collection of mud-huts, built round the brick mansion in which the Maharaja then resided. It now boasts a well-built market-place and a handsome square surrounded by imposing public buildings. Among these is a State printing-press from which an official gazette is issued, and there is also an excellent library of English books. The State is administered by the Maharaja with the assistance of a council containing three members.

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THE RIGHT HON. A H D ACLAND.

THE RIGHT HON. A. H. D. ACLAND, M.P.

IN every new Government which is called into existence it is inevitable that the chief appointments will fall to men who have already occupied responsible positions in previous Administrations. But, as a rule, one or two important posts are reserved for promising and untried men, and there is, in consequence, considerable room for speculation among politicians as to whether the particular selections will realise the hopes which have been formed concerning them. In Mr. Disraeli's second Administration Mr. Cross was the untried statesman, and he proved one of the most capable Home Secretaries the country has ever possessed. In Mr. Gladstone's second Administration Mr. Chamberlain was "the new boy:" in his third Administration Mr. John Morley played that part, and of both men it may fairly be said that they fully justified their promotion. In Lord Salisbury's first and second Administrations the experiments attempted with Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Matthews as Cabinet Ministers were not, perhaps, so successful; but in the present Ministry the new blood which has been introduced in the shape of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Acland is certainly proving itself to be of the best quality.

Mr. Asquith's success is indisputable: it is felt on all sides that he is equal to occupying even the highest position the House of Commons is able to bestow on any one of its members. Mr. Acland's qualities are less showy; but those who are acquainted with the quiet and steady work he has been engaged upon in the Education Department do not hesitate to describe him as one of the strongest members of the present Cabinet. He has ideas of his own as to the way in which his Department should be conducted, and he has the courage to put them into practice. The persistency with which he has maintained his ground against his many opponents has earned for him the respect of all parties.

He is the second son of Sir Thomas Acland, and he was born in 1847. He was educated at Rugby and at Christ Church, Oxford. He succeeded the late Mr. Arnold Toynbee as bursar of Balliol, and remained at Oxford as a tutor until his election to Parliament in 1885 as the Liberal member for

the Rotherham Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Before, however, he entered the House of Commons he had been known for many years as an earnest student of politics. He was a close personal friend of Mr. Toynbee, and with all the movements that are associated with his friend's name Mr. Acland has shown an active sympathy. He is a philanthropist, a supporter of Co-operation, a University Extensionist, and, as was said of him at the time of his appointment to the Ministry, "just the kind of man to form a committee of three, with Mr. Mundella and Mr. Fowler, to undertake the regeneration of rural England." His popularity among the working classes is evident from the fact that both in 1885 and 1886 the majorities by which he was returned to the House of Commons were 4,044 and 3,085 respectively. He soon made his influence felt in the House, and his culture and wide knowledge on all matters relating to social reform were often displayed with telling effect in the debates in the House when the Liberals were in Opposition.

Sir Thomas Acland was one of Mr. Gladstone's oldest friends, and Mr. Gladstone has always had a particular regard for the sons of his old friends. He has never quite outgrown his prejudices in favour of hereditary legislators, and in these circumstances we may be quite sure that the career of Sir Thomas Acland's son was watched by him with peculiar interest. And in offering him the position of Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education he must have felt peculiar satisfaction in the thought that he was offering it not only to the son of an old friend, but to one who was in almost every respect the most fitting man in the House of Commons to take in hand the Education Department. Mr. Acland assumed office at a time when the Free Education Act of 1891 had already been in partial operation for a year. The Act itself, though it had been passed by a Conservative Ministry, was not very popular with Lord Salisbury's supporters in the country. Many consented to it as a concession to the inevitable, and consoled themselves with the thought that with a Ministry in power in declared sympathy with the old system of education a minimum disturbance of existing arrangements would take place. It is indeed quite certain that, with a Minister for Education who is not in sympathy with the new Act, many of its provisions might easily become a dead letter. Mr. Acland showed from the moment he assumed office that his interpretation of his duties was to make the Act a reality, and to secure as the first of his objects an efficient education to every English child. If the voluntary schools

in any particular district were not up to the standard required by the Government, then the clear duty of the Government was to interfere, irrespective of religious considerations or so-called vested interests. In many of his actions he brought upon himself the anger and opposition of the clerical profession and of their friends in Parliament; but he was able to show in most cases that he was only carrying out a policy sanctioned by his Conservative predecessor, and that where voluntary schools were efficiently conducted they need fear no interference on his part.

England is still much behind other countries in the provisions made for the education of her children, and secondary education especially is in a state of chaos. The middle-class parent is at the mercy of private enterprise, and is usually unable to avail himself of state-organised education for his children. Mr. Acland appointed a Departmental Committee, soon after he obtained office, to determine the best means of organising secondary education in England and Wales. The Committee consisted of representatives of the Education Department, the Charity Commission, and the Science and Art Department, and Mr. Acland himself became Chairman. The question has therefore, become one of practical politics; and if Mr. Acland remains in office long enough to place the recommendations of the Committee before Parliament, the cause could have no more valuable champion.

Besides his labours in the cause of education, Mr. Acland still maintains his active interest in other social reforms. Mr. Charles Booth, the well-known author of several books on the London poor, is engaged with him in prosecuting an inquiry into the condition of the aged poor. It is a subject on which he has thought much for years, and, like Mr. Chamberlain and other statesmen, he has ideas of his own as to the shape any legislation on the matter should assume. There is little doubt that the demands of the electorate in the near future will be for social reforms on a somewhat large scale; and Mr. Acland is one of the rising politicians who represent this new tendency, and from whom reformers may fairly expect great things.

MISS DECIMA MOORE.

THE stage, as a rule, exacts from its votaries an arduous apprenticeship. Unlike poets, actors and actresses must be made as well as born, and this precept applies with special force to those who would combine lyric with dramatic art. For such aspirants the course is usually most severe, embracing two or three years of instruction at the hands of an expert, some lessons in deportment and the tricks of the trade, a more or less protracted servitude in the chorus, and a wearisome spell of understudying. When the opportunity comes at last, an automaton instead of a living human creature often answers to the call. Now and again, however, exceptional gifts and peculiar luck enable a novice to step straight on to the higher professional levels, and Miss Decima Moore had this rare advantage. As her Christian name shows, she is the tenth (and last) member of a large and happy family, and was born and reared in the invigorating air of Brighton, where her parents have long been honourably known. From her mother she inherits a strain of Scotch blood, to which, perhaps, are due the pertinacity and vigour that have helped her to success. She brought with her into the world, as indeed did all her eight sisters, an aptitude for music and a pleasant voice, and these talents were so judiciously cultivated that she won a scholarship at the Blackheath Conservatoire, where in 1888 she was training for a career in the concert-room. Meanwhile, her sister Eva, now Mrs. H. V. Esmond, had made herself a name as Miss Linden's successor in Mr. Toole's company, and, fired by her example, Miss Decima, without a word to her friends, boldly presented herself one day as a recruit for the Savoy. She was a mere girl of sixteen, but Mr. D'Oyley Carte and Sir Arthur Sullivan put her through her paces and sent her away with kindly words of encouragement. A few months later, to her intense surprise and joy, she was offered the part of Casilda, in *The Gondoliers*, and made her *début* in December, 1889, never before having faced the footlights. Her fresh young voice and natural acting took well with the public, and when *The Gondoliers*, by royal command, went down to Windsor, Miss Decima had the trying experience of being crowned in the presence of her sovereign,

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MISS DECIMA MOORE.

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who was immensely amused and pleased by the performance. Her next engagement was at the Prince of Wales's, in the piece that bears her own name, and soon after she enjoyed a share in the success of the *Pantomime Rehearsal* at the Court Theatre. From the Court she passed to the Shaftesbury Theatre, taking a part in *The Maelström*, and playing Ophelia in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's irreverent travesty. Presently, Mr. Ernest Ford's dainty operetta, *The Wedding Eve*, gave her a long-looked-for opening, and as Yvonette she made a decided hit. Light opera with a touch of pathos suits her best. Full of vivacity and healthy youth as she is, the rollicking humour and grotesque business of musical burlesque go against the grain of her nature. She was quite at home in *Dorothy* during its revival at the Trafalgar Theatre, the reproduction of *La Fille de Madame Angot* at the Criterion adding another effective *rôle* to her repertory. Mr. George Edwardes next secured her services for a period of two years, entrusting her with the creation of Rose Brierly in *The Gaiety Girl*. This slight but sparkling piece was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in October, 1893. Miss Moore is at present determined to stick to London until she has associated her name with some distinctive and congenial impersonation, fitted to her tastes and talents. Besides a charming soprano voice of good quality and considerable compass, she possesses a simple and straightforward dramatic style, and speaks her words with praiseworthy distinctness. In stature she is just above the middle height, and her youthful figure moves about the stage with grace and freedom. Her oval face, regular features, and dark, expressive eyes, make up a very attractive picture, set off as these advantages are by a clear and healthy complexion. For Miss Decima Moore is a firm believer in open air and exercise. When she settles down during the winter in her snug chambers in the Savoy, she makes it a rule to walk for an hour or two every day before her work; whilst at the pretty cottage near Datchet, which is her summer home, she spends every available moment out of doors, and is becoming an expert horsewoman. We must not forget either that she can lay claim to literary skill, as is testified by several pretty stories which she has written in a popular weekly paper.

MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.

ALL the greatest of our living artists have been largely moulded by the very same influences to which we owe the vehement sadness of the later Dickens, the savage, latter-day pessimism of Carlyle, and Thackeray's depressing "quick sense of the littleness and wretchedness of mankind." The first of these influences, without all doubt, is the spirit of our feverish, sadly thoughtful, and materialistic age, which does something more than mirror itself in the minds of people of genius. It also acts and re-acts, with precisely the same degree of force, on those who are by temperament realists, and on those who are too highly sensitive to withstand its rude incessant pressure. These, as a rule, seek refuge "in isles of dreams," like clever children; whereas the realistically inclined find all their energies called forth, and not infrequently all their sympathies too, by the various interests of the feverish life around them. This remark brings us to the second influence, *i.e.*, the undisputed ascendency which London has over the minds and characters of artists, poets, and women and men of letters. A city so vast and black, so remarkable, too, for its thronged miseries and its stupendous ugliness, cannot but fascinate and sadden the realists, cannot but prevent the highly sensitive and imaginative from leaving their "isles of dreams." Yet these isles are but insecure refuges from the spirit of our age, as is proved by the sublime sadness in the parables of Mr. G. F. Watts, and by the yearning melancholy in all the weirdly beautiful faces in all Sir Edward Burne-Jones's pictures.

We have written down these remarks only because there are many who do not understand why Mr. Fildes should have elected to paint sad subjects. This great artist, as we have tried to show, is a child of the age: his homely and dramatic pathos is nothing but a manifestation of the informing action of the age, with all its various influences, on a character intensely sympathetic and strong. Had his character, his artistic character, been highly sensitive and "subjective," we should have had another idealist, perhaps another Burne-Jones; and every critic would have asked us long ago to look upon him as "one of the greatest geniuses of the country."

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As it is, however, the critics do not sufficiently appreciate the works of Mr. Fildes. Even "The Doctor," a picture which, unless we greatly err, has touched more hearts than any other painting produced in our time, has actually been often praised, not for the novelty of its subject, nor yet for the intensely dramatic nature of its pathos, but merely because its technique —the commonest of all artistic qualities—is admirable. The most amusing criticism, however, is the one in which we are told that the picture will live because it represents "the medical man as he was at the end of 1890." It is easy to believe that the doctor's clothes were made some time in the year 1890, but the doctor himself is what every true doctor will be, we believe, till the end of time—*i.e.*, a man so wrapped up in his profession that the sufferings of a Royal Heir Apparent could not interest him more than do the sufferings of that cotter's child. Notice, too, the beautiful touch of nature and of poetry in the conduct and the attitudes of the cotter and his wife. The woman—the mother—crouching over the little round table, and with face hidden from sight, falls back, as mothers will, on prayer; the man—the father—standing stiff as a sentinel, looks with haggard, steady eyes towards *his* one remaining hope, the good physician, who, bending forward, watches the child's face attentively. This pathetic and truthful contrast of character is a stroke of real genius; indeed, the sorrow we see is so unobtrusive, so terribly tearless, that we know not where to look for its like in modern art. However, all criticism is more or less a matter of taste and of opinion, and we must confess that "The Casuals," which Mr. Fildes exhibited at the Academy in 1874, to the surprise and delight of thousands, has never moved us like "The Widower," exhibited at Burlington House in 1876, or like the home-coming of the prodigal daughter—"The Penitent" —which scarcely pleased Piccadilly three years later. These works were medalled at Vienna and Philadelphia, and they served to make Mr. Fildes an A.R.A., and to establish him at the head of the young realists.

Mr. Fildes was born at Liverpool, on St. Luke's Day, October the 18th, 1844. "I was only about ten when my father died, and soon after his death I went to school at Chester, and lived with my grandmother, whom I shall always think of as 'the indulgent one.'" Leaving Chester and its School of Art in 1860, the boy went to Warrington, where he studied under a good master, and won the lasting friendship of a fellow-student, now known to all the world as Mr. Henry Woods, R.A. In the autumn of 1862 he came to London, gained a South Kensington Scholarship of £50 a year, but followed

his academic studies badly. Why? Because "his heart and soul lay in the desire to be an 'Illustrated' artist," a draughtsman on the staff of *Once a Week*, like Millais. And soon this desire of his was more than gratified, for one day he was introduced to Mr. William Thomas, afterwards founder of *The Graphic*, who encouraged him to make "a speciality of London street life—'The Street Juggler,' 'The Street Doctor,' and things of that kind." The first number of *The Graphic* appeared on the 4th December, 1869, and in it you will find the first sketch—a very masterly piece of work—of "The Casuals," a scene which Mr. Fildes noticed "one snowy winter's night near the Portland Road." Millais was not only delighted with this sketch—he ran with it, in hot haste, to Charles Dickens, and said that its author was the very man to illustrate "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which neither Millais himself nor Frith could find time enough to do justice to. And Dickens was almost of the same opinion; he only wanted to know if the young artist "could draw a pretty girl." The young artist *could*—a fact gratefully acknowledged by Dickens when Mr. Fildes submitted "two special sketches of incidents from 'David Copperfield,'" one of which, representing "Old Peggotty and Little Emily," could not well be bettered. So, to make an end of this matter, Mr. Fildes was engaged to illustrate "Edwin Drood," and there are twelve drawings to prove how earnestly and well he worked. "Dickens," says a writer in *The Magazine of Art*, "never lived to see the triumph of his young colleague; but most of us can remember how appropriately, but painfully, the association of the two was carried on, as it were, for a time, by the large wood drawing which the artist made of the study at Gad's Hill, and called 'The Empty Chair.'"

There are few artists so versatile as Mr. Fildes. His Venetian pictures are equal to those by his friend Mr. Woods; he is Mr. J. J. Shannon's rival as a painter of ladies' portraits; he stands first, as it seems to us, among Dickens's illustrators, for he has given us a few of Dickens's characters without exaggerating their peculiarities; and his best works in his own peculiar line—"The Doctor," "The Widower," "The Penitent," and "The Village Wedding"—are not only unsurpassed, but also, perhaps, unsurpassable.

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THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

POLITICAL life is full of surprises, and reputations in the House of Commons are made almost as quickly as they are destroyed; but even allowing for everything which is implied in this statement, the rise of Mr. Balfour to the second place in the leadership of his party is sufficiently remarkable. Ten years ago he was known as a clever and cultured young man, as a *dilettante* politician without any parliamentary ambition, and with little or no enthusiasm for public life. The title of a book he published, viz., "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," seemed to fairly indicate the bent of his mind on most matters.

He was born in 1848, his mother being a sister of the present Marquis of Salisbury. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered Parliament at the General Election of 1874 as the member for Hertford. He took very little part in Parliamentary life from 1874 to 1880, but some interest was naturally taken in his utterances from the fact that during a portion of that time he was Lord Salisbury's private secretary. On the return of Mr. Gladstone to power in 1880, he became known as a "very unattached" member of the Fourth Party, which was then led by Lord Randolph Churchill. In 1885 he was elected as member for East Manchester, and it was at this time that he became the medium for the interchange of views between Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury as to the desirability of settling the Irish Question by co-operation between the leaders of both the great parties in the State. Mr. Gladstone offered through Mr. Balfour to extend to Lord Salisbury the assistance of the Opposition in such an undertaking. Lord Salisbury's refusal precipitated "the parting of the ways" on the Home Rule Question, and on the defeat of Mr. Gladstone at the General Election of 1886, Mr. Balfour was appointed Secretary for Scotland. He had previously held in the Salisbury Ministry of 1885 the post of President of the Local Government Board. On the resignation of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach soon after the formation of a Unionist Ministry in 1886, Mr. Balfour was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. It was while he was at this post that he made his reputation. His chance had arrived, and he

was equal to the occasion. Throughout his administration of the Irish Office he acted in a manner which made him one of the best-hated, but at the same time one of the most effective, Chief Secretaries Ireland has ever possessed. His success was due in part to his philosophic temperament. His enemies, who never really understood their opponent, rarely failed to suggest that he was cold-blooded and unsympathetic, and that a better-natured man would have been less "thorough" in carrying out a policy of coercion. But in the bitter controversies which took place at that time men were not always fair in their judgments of him, and he, it must be added, never took the slightest pains to exhibit the more human side of his character. He frankly displayed his contempt for the enthusiasm and national feeling which lay behind the Irish demands, and night after night he stood his ground without flinching, in face of the indignation of his opponents. Moreover, he was always ready, with a loyalty which was sometimes not according to knowledge, to defend the acts of his subordinates in the work of carrying out the policy of coercion. He seemed at times even to enjoy being made the mark for so much virtuous indignation. The Irish difficulty had driven the sensitive Mr. Forster out of the Chief Secretaryship; the same question, and the persistent antagonism he encountered in dealing with it, had silvered Sir George Trevelyan's hair; but men were surprised to find in Mr. Balfour a man who was not only absolutely indifferent to abuse, but who appeared to delight in arousing strong feelings on the part of his opponents. And, when these opponents were goaded by his action into acts of indiscretion, he would coolly and cleverly interject an irritating "I told you so; this is the justification of my policy." It may be imagined that the tone he habitually adopted towards the Irish members did not tend to create in them any attachment to the Union; but Mr. Balfour was the Chief Secretary of an Administration which was pledged to govern without reference to the wishes of the Irish people; and to his credit let it be said, he never shirked the logical consequences of such a policy.

In 1891, on the death of Mr. W. H. Smith, his position in his party was such that the choice of the leadership of the House of Commons lay between himself and Mr. Goschen. Mr. Goschen had been a Liberal; he had been at times a severe critic of Conservative policy; he had never taken pains to accommodate his views to suit the exigencies of the hour, and he possessed a somewhat uncertain temperament. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, had always been a Conservative; he had carried out a policy of "thorough" in

a manner worthy of the great Tory leaders of the past; and, as a debater, his imperturbable temper, coolness of judgment, and fertility of resource, had marked him out for some time as the superior of all his colleagues on the Front Bench. His only possible rival was Lord Randolph Churchill, who was still an uncertain quantity in public life, and who was certainly the superior of Mr. Balfour in that personal magnetism which counts for so much in the popularity of a leader. But Lord Randolph was out of the running just then, and had temporarily abandoned politics for journalism and lion-hunting in South Africa.

Since Mr. Balfour has led his party in the House of Commons he has more than justified the high hopes which were formed of him. It would be perhaps an exaggeration to say that he is now the ablest debater in a House which has lost the services of the greatest statesman of the century, but it is no flattery to say that in delicate and felicitous speech, in banter which never degenerates into venom, above all in the capacity on a question of importance to rise "to the height of this great argument," he reminds one more forcibly of Mr. Gladstone than any other member of the House of Commons. Like Mr. Gladstone, he has never allowed politics to absorb his mind to the exclusion of other subjects. He is a man of culture, and his speeches on non-political subjects are as good to read as they are delightful to listen to. His love of golf is very strong, and after the hottest debates on Irish matters he has been known to escape to the links in the company of one or more of his strongest opponents. He shows his philosophic temperament in the sympathy he extends to the Bimetallists. With many of the questions that come before Parliament he evidently has no sympathy, but if by the necessities of his position he is obliged to speak upon them, his keen-wittedness and his fertility of resource generally pull him through. His very readiness is a source of danger to him, as he sometimes has a too evident contempt for the process known as "getting-up the facts." But no politician is keener to seize upon the weak points in an adversary's case. He has outdistanced all his rivals by a long way in the competition for the leadership of his party.

MISS FANNY BROUGH.

THAT this clever actress should continue to use her maiden name, although she has long been the wife of a gentleman who followed her on to the stage, is not surprising. For in dramatic annals the name of Brough holds no mean place. Her father, Robert Brough, was a playwright and journalist, whose "Songs of the Governing Classes" had no small vogue in their day; her brother, named after his father, went out to Australia and became manager of one of the Melbourne theatres. Mr. Lionel Brough, the finest Tony Lumpkin and Bob Acres of his generation, is her uncle, as also were the famous "brothers Brough," the authors of numerous burlesques; while Mr. Sidney Brough, not the least promising of our younger actors, is her cousin. On the maternal side, too, she has connections with the theatre, her mother being related to Miss Romer, who was once an ornament of the lyric stage.

Miss Fanny Brough does not seem to have been one of those infant marvels who tread the boards before they have done sucking their thumbs. When she made her *début*, in 1870, she had attained the mature age of fourteen years. The place was the St. James's Theatre, then under Mrs. John Wood's energetic management, and the piece *Fernande*, in which she took the *title-rôle*. Next she joined Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's, appearing in *School*, *Caste*, and others of the plays associated with the Bancroft *régime*. Then for nearly a year she was at the Gaiety with Mr. J. L. Toole, gaining experience which was supplemented by four years' varied work in the provinces under the leadership of Phelps, Barry Sullivan, Charles Matthews, and other famous actors and managers.

When she at last returned to town it was to "find herself" as Mary Melrose in *Our Boys*. She had chiefly won favour up to this time in more or less serious and sentimental parts; but since her unequivocal success in H. J. Byron's play she has been more and more in requisition for impersonations which give scope to her piquant humour and her engaging vivacity. In 1888 she advanced her reputation by her clever acting in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, appearing in the guise of the Irish servant-girl.

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MISS FANNY BROUGH.

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In the following year she created the part of Cicely in *Marjorie*, and that of Mrs. Sylvester in *Our Flat*, and in 1890 assumed the character of Mrs. Horton in *Dr. Bill* at the Avenue, and did a great deal, beyond doubt, to ensure the success of that whimsical piece. The same may be said, with even more emphasis, of the *rôle* she took in *Mrs. Othello* at Toole's Theatre, in 1893. The play, in which the late Fred Leslie collaborated with Mr. Arthur Shirley, was ruthlessly analysed by a leading critic, who found it "flimsy, extravagant, and impossible," but admitted that it was amusing, and added that it was so largely on account of Miss Fanny Brough's "brilliant acting."

In *The Prodigal Daughter*, at Drury Lane, in the preceding year, she had little opportunity of doing justice to her talents; but in *The Times*, at Terry's, in 1891, her presentment of a wife whose devotion to her husband redeems her from her native vulgarity was universally recognised as a singularly artistic piece of work.

We may add that while Miss Brough is endeared to the public by her enviable gifts, which enable her to minister to the gaiety of her multitude of admirers, she is esteemed in a necessarily narrower circle for her sympathetic disposition and benevolent activities.

KING ALBERT OF SAXONY.

"OMELETTES," as the picturesque French proverb tells us, "cannot be made without breaking eggs," and the analogy holds good of the creation of Empires. Before Prince Bismarck accomplished his great work, many a German State had to be divested of the shell that preserved its individuality and to yield up the germ of independent life as an ingredient for the dainty dish which the Reichs-Kanzler was preparing to set before his King. To the crushed hopes, baffled ambitions, and disintegrated organisms that went to make up United Germany, the largest share was contributed by Saxony. How the princes of the Albertine branch of the great House of Wettin contrived by three centuries of vacillation, bigotry, and feeble ambition to lose prestige and territory, yet to win a crown, is a story too long for these pages, but as the star of Prussia rose that of Saxony sank below the horizon.

King Albert, for whom this disastrous inheritance was being prepared, came into the world on April 23, 1828. He was the elder son of Prince John, nephew of the reigning sovereign Anthony, by his marriage with the Princess Amelia, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria. At his birth a long distance lay between him and the throne, for though his aged great-uncle was childless, his father's elder brother, Frederick Augustus, then a vigorous man of thirty-one, had every prospect of founding a dynasty. Prince John, whose position compelled him to don occasionally a military uniform, shone only as a scholar. He enjoyed the reputation of being more deeply versed in the lore of Dante than any contemporary critic, and he translated not only the *Divina Commedia*, but several plays of Shakespeare also into the German tongue. Less advantageous to his fame were rumours of devoted attachment to the Jesuits, whose supposed friendship brought him into evil odour among his future Protestant subjects.

Albert might very likely have been content with his father's literary ambition had not the lapse of years brought no hopes of direct issue to Frederick Augustus, in spite of his two marriages. In 1847, the prince was pursuing his studies quietly at Bonn, where his constant companion was

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THE KING OF SAXONY.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia, when the turn of events in Germany, and the growing certainty of his succession to the crown, brought about a change in his career. It was decided that he must become a soldier, and he soon showed that this was the vocation for which nature intended him. After some months of preparation on the parade-ground, he received his "baptism of fire" in the Danish war of 1849.

It was not, perhaps, his fault that he fought on the wrong side, but he gave proof of high personal courage and military capacity. The next years were devoted almost exclusively to his new profession, and he speedily rose to the chief command of the Saxon infantry. In 1853 he took as his wife Princess Caroline, only child of Prince Gustavus of Wasa, and grand-daughter of Gustavus IV., the proscribed King of Sweden. This marriage, happy in all other respects—for the most perfect sympathy exists between King Albert and his consort—has not been blessed by offspring, so that the succession devolves upon King John's second son, Prince George, and his issue.

In 1854 the sudden death of Frederick Augustus called his brother to the throne, and Albert now assumed the title and rank of Crown Prince, relieving the studious sovereign of all military cares. How far he can be held responsible for the political misfortunes that overtook Saxony during the ensuing decade is a point we cannot here discuss. It is generally believed that he foresaw the coming cataclysm, but felt himself powerless to avert it. His simple soldier's creed, his sense of loyalty to Austria, and his submission to the brilliant ascendancy of Von Beust, are set down as the causes of his somewhat passive attitude. To his cruel mortification, Dresden was occupied by the Federal troops, whilst at the head of his own army he marched as a General of Division to meet destiny on the field of Sadowa.

To the prudent counsels of Bismarck, and to the intercession of the Crown Prince of Prussia, Albert's firm friend, was due the preservation of the Saxon monarchy, which that stern warrior, King William, would have ruthlessly swept away. The loser in the struggle accepted the inevitable with as good grace as might be, nor did the victor seek to aggravate the humiliation of a fallen foe.

Once a reconciliation effected, King William and his sons welcomed Albert without suspicion or reserve as a worthy brother-in-arms, whilst he himself seemed to find relief in the straightforward duties of a general officer. Under him the Saxon forces were brought to so high a pitch of discipline as to be put in the van of the army which the Red Prince led into France,

and it was a splinter of a Saxon shell that disabled Marshal MacMahon at Sedan. Throughout the campaign, King William and Bismarck had no cause to complain of the loyalty or capacity of their new ally, who cordially acquiesced in the proclamation of the Empire, and was left in supreme command of the army of occupation when the Kaiser and his sons returned to Berlin. A few months later, at the home-coming of the allies, he rode proudly before his own division through the streets of the capital, in Field-Marshal's uniform, and bearing in his hand the baton that John Sobieski wielded on entering Vienna in 1683. The omen might have been more propitious, but that was not a day for indulging in idle fancies.

In 1874 King John made his exit from the scene and King Albert reigned in his stead. His amicable relations with Berlin have never for a moment been ruffled during the last two decades. He enjoys the confidence of his suzerain, and his advice on military subjects carries great weight in the councils of the realm. Some observers believe that they can detect in his calm, delicate, dignified features, now framed in snow-white hair and whiskers, a look which suggests Hamlet's cry of passionate despondency:

> "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to set it right."

Indeed, it is scarcely conceivable that visions of what might have been, regrets for what is, never haunt a brain so active and so clear as his. Certain it is that neither by word nor deed does he allow any sign of discontent to escape him. He and his Queen find ample employment in promoting the domestic welfare of their subjects. Their palaces are given up to serve as galleries, museums, or libraries. They take a considerable share personally in all the movements, grave or gay, of their bright little capital, and though Socialism is nowhere more powerful than in the industrial centres of Saxony, the names of King Albert and Queen Caroline are never mentioned in any class of the community save with affection and respect.

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